

The Rising and Setting of the Lone Star Republic



Mae Winnie Jackson

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To Mr. and Mrs. Matt
Weeks, from
Adina De Zavala. 1948.

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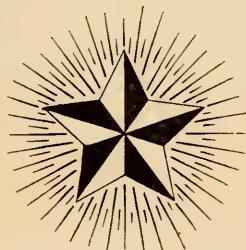
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The Rising and Setting of the Lone Star Republic

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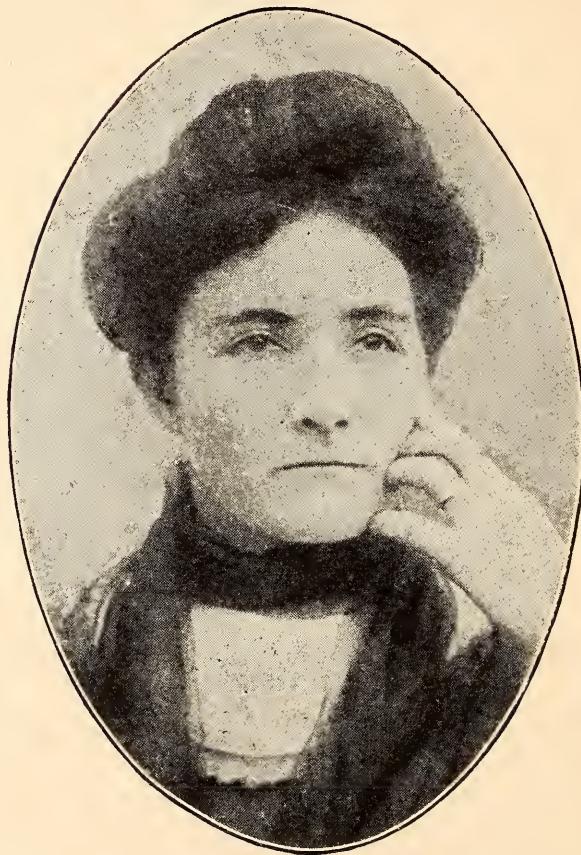
By
(Miss) Mattie Jackson
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THE RISING AND SETTING OF

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MISS MATTIE JACKSON

AUTHOR

Mattie Jackson

Dedication

This book is lovingly dedicated to my father and my mother, who were Trail Blazers of Texas Pioneer Days.



THE AIM

The aim of this volume is to lay a good foundation for Texas history, by furnishing to children a desirable book of interesting stories, so arranged as to leave out crime and to perpetuate the hospitality, the habits and customs traditional of pioneer Texans; to create in Texas children, more love for their State; to promote Americanism and to keep the home fires burning.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Mattie Jackson was born and reared on the Jackson ranch, near what is now the town of Stockdale, a suburb of San Antonio, Texas.

She is the second child of the second wife of Ancil MacDonald Jackson. He was a cousin to President Andrew Jackson, and her mother Elender Temperance Wallace Powell, was a cousin to the noted Texas hero,, William A. Wallace, better known as "Big Foot" Wallace.

In school, Mattie Jackson, was a leader in many of her studies, was sympathetic, generous and of exemplary habits.

After her school days were ended as a pupil, she chose teaching school as her life work.

She, with the help of her brother Ancil, after the death of her mother, kept the home together educated the younger sisters and cared for their aged father, who died eight years later, at the age of seventy-two years.

She taught school and cared for the home, until her brother Ancil and all of her sisters were married. Then she went to live in the city of San Antonio, where she has since spent her time in teaching and the writing of books.

INTRODUCTION

This volume is not fiction. It contains a series of thrilling historic stories, as given by the Texas pioneer settlers who experienced them and whose names are given with each narrative. They give through pen-pictures and old photographs, a vivid insight to Texas pioneer life of the best class of settlers. These stories of the good old grandmother days, which are so dear to children and adults of all ages, contain as true to life, as they can remember them, stories of the birth of our nation, The Texas Lone Star Republic and of her adoption at her own request by the United States.

They tell of their many blessings and their reverses. It contains stories of the dangers of, and battles with the wild animals. They give their unbiased experience with the friendly and unfriendly tribes of Indians. Some of them tell of their relationship to the Mexican nation and of the two wars of Mexico.

The author has carefully arranged these stories—not with regard to date, but with regard to their relationship to each other and has endeavored to cover the customs and habits of the settlers of the whole state, and has tried

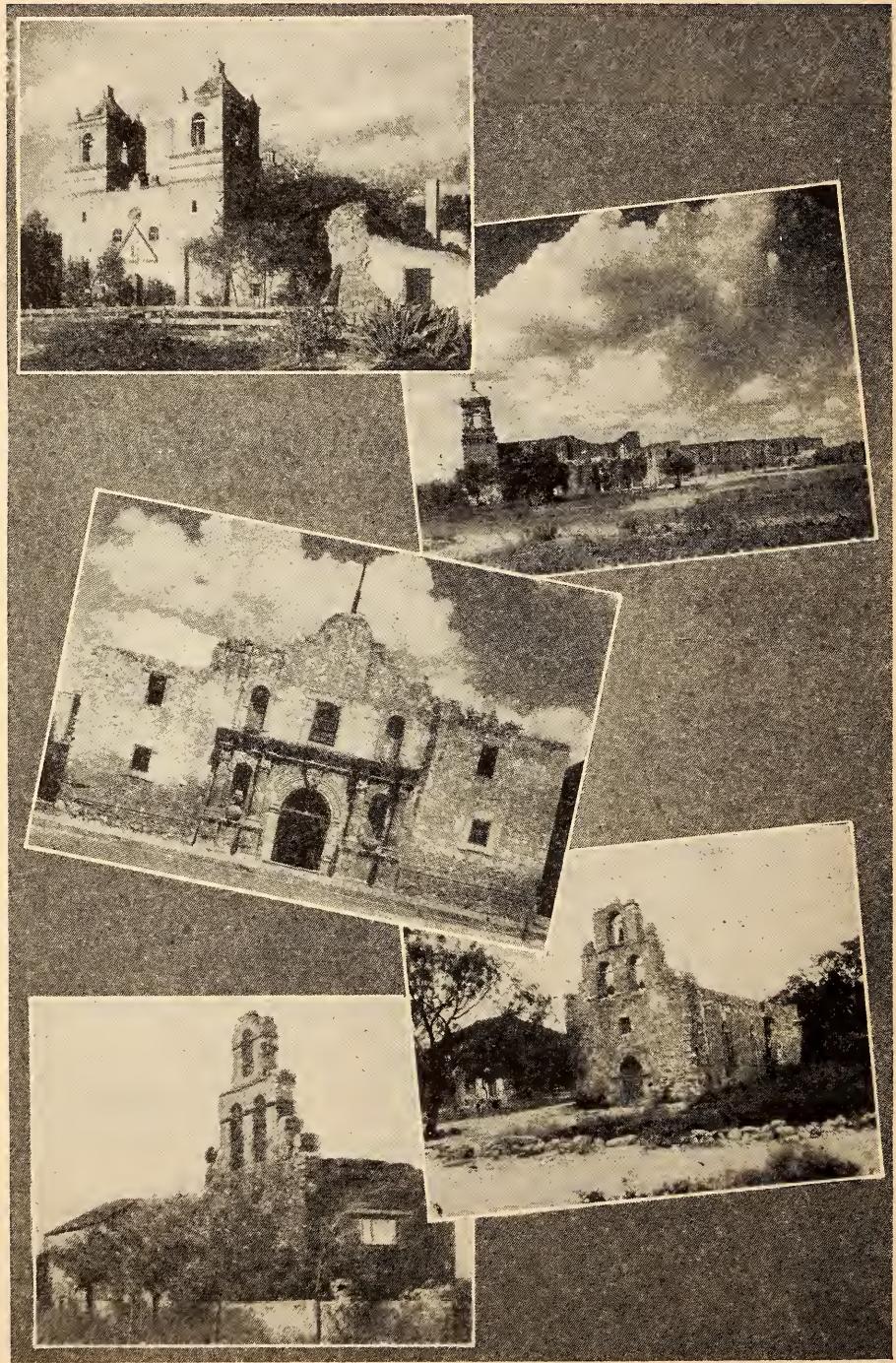
to give impartial credit to the pioneer settlers of every nation who helped to make Texas the great state that she now is, and since the Lone Star Republic of Texas lasted only about nine years, and since every planet of great size has a dawn and a twilight, the author has overlapped this short space of time and these stories include the history of one hundred years, giving it step by step, as Texas was changed from the Wilds to a civilized nation and is now one of the most productive, progressive and is the largest state of the Union.

ERA I.

ERA OF THE FILIBUSTERS

Early in 1800, we see silhouetted on the curtain of Texas History, such figures as Jean Lafitte, Phillip Nolan, Lieutenant Augustus W. Magee and Dr. James Long. Their part in the making of Texas was brief, but the effect was lasting. Through their hazardous undertakings a map of Texas was made. It then became possible for such men as Moses Austin, to enter the wonderful land of Texas.

In 1820 we see him making his perilous trip from Missouri to the little village of San Antonio. After having arrived he had much difficulty in securing a grant of land with permission to bring American colonists to settle in Texas. When he was about to despair, he met on the streets a friend, Baron de Bastrop, through whose influence Moses Austin's wishes were granted and he was soon on his way homeward. He finally succeeded in reaching his home, but the blessings which we now enjoy cost him his valuable life. He contracted pneumonia from his hardships and exposures and died soon after having reached his home. But his noble son Stephen F. Austin, espoused the great cause which his father had begun and we see him bringing immigrant trains to settle



the fetile lands. He arrived with his first colonists December 12, 1821, and settled on the Brazos River.

Now, that Austin had succeeded in making a permanent settlement, other empresarios hastened to obtain grants of land and several colonies were soon established in Texas.

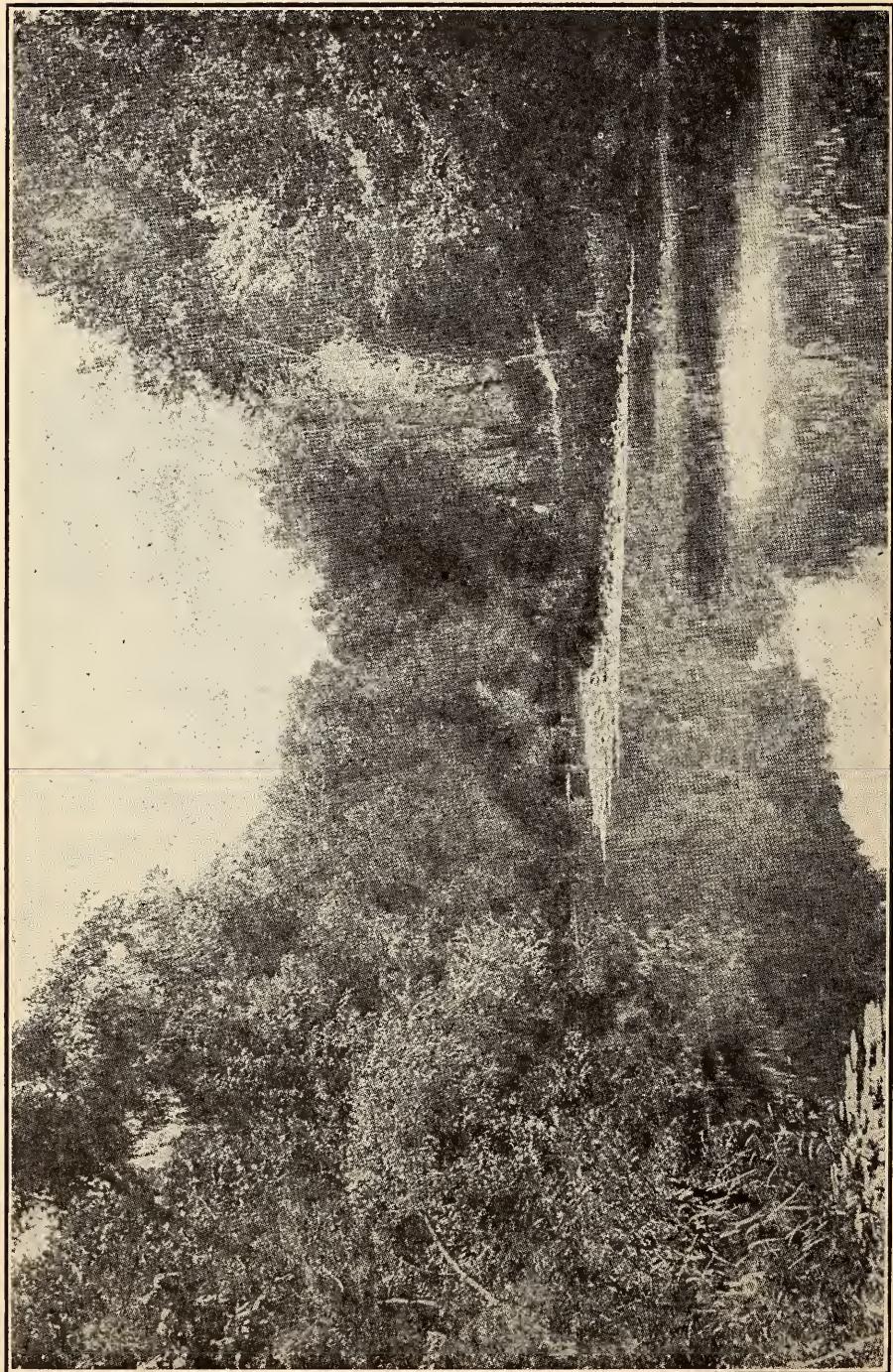
These settlements dotted, here and there, proved to be the roots of that Great Tree of Liberty, which a few years later budded, bloomed and fruited, into the Lone Star Republic of Texas, and finally became the Lone Star State of the Union.

A PIONEER TOWN OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

As we lift the mystic veil of one hundred years ago and view Sutherland Springs, Ah! see, the eastern sky is streaked with crimson above the blue rim of the horizon.

The first rays of the autumnal sun-light are smiling through the fringed vistas of the trees and kissing the blue and white wavelets as they dance between the sun-light and long shadows.

The Indian canoe, firmly held by its thongs,



is rocked by the south breeze and is sighing and heaving for freedom to go with the waves.

The modest, retiring rain-crow, seeks her shady bower and the noisy bull-bat seeks his home to sleep through the noon-tide.

Blue wreaths of smoke are curling o'er the wigwams of the little Indian village. The moist sea-breeze is laden with the odor of wild meats, as it is cooked by the obedient squaws. The children are plunging into the clear waters of the Cibolo. The ancient arrow-maker, is sitting in the door of his wigwam making his weapons of defense.

The dark-eyed maiden stands beside the fountain, her quaint water pitcher filled to over-flowing. A strong young hunter approaches, lays a wild roe-buck at her feet, a token of his affection—his hope for the future. Her heart beats loudly. She accepts it. They stroll up the forest path, to the door of her wigwam.

The horn-owl laughing in the wild-wood, calls his mate between his laughing; "Come go with me, Mrs. Horn Owl, let's go bathe in the clear, cool water."

THE POW WOW

In the dusk of one autumn evening,
The cool north wind blows in upon them.
The big chief calls his braves around him,
Gets his peace-pipe thus he tells them:

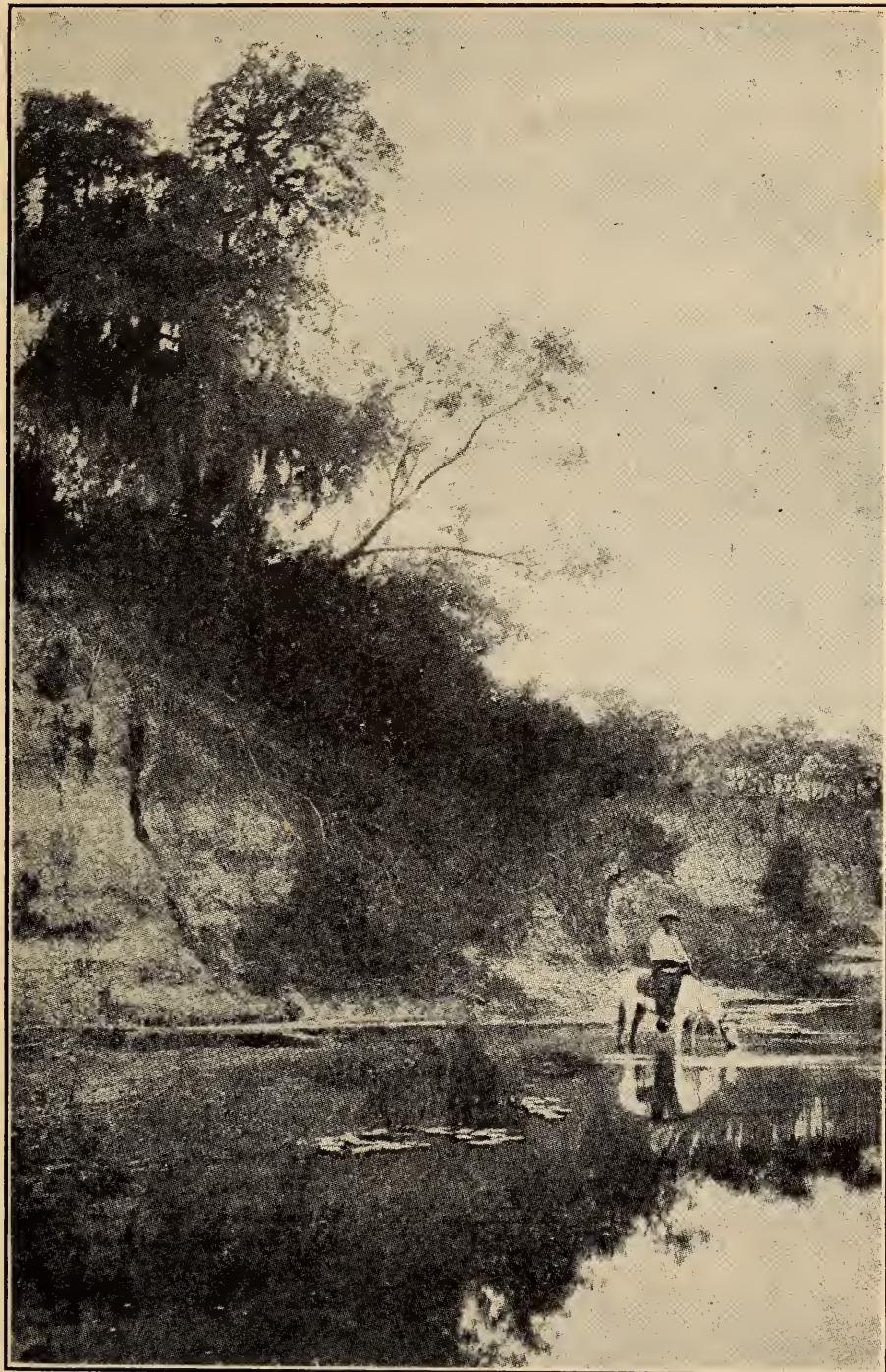
“The Pale-face has come from over the sea,
And said to the Red-man: ‘Make room for me’.
The Indians’ day is almost gone,
We must leave these haunts ere many moons.”

So in the dreary hours of mid-night
The hungry wolf is howling afar down the glen.
The wild deer is browsing on the grassy hill-side.

The mocking-bird is singing, a rock-a-bye song,
The moon is declining to enter her last quarter.
As the Evening Star of the Red-man sets,
Behold! the Day Star of the Pale-face rises.

For such adventurous spirits as La Salle, Jean Lafitte and Sam Houston, find their way over the prairies and enter the dense forests and learn from these children of the forest, many secrets of nature, and of its healing fountains.

Through the dim spectacles of Old Father Time, we see a train of white covered wagons, slowly wending its way over treeless prairies,



Immigrants and draught animals were tired and thirsty.

or crossing mountain streamlets, that have seldom been crossed by man—save the dark rider of the wild mustang. Often the oxen and horses are so tired and heated, they are compelled to stop for rest.

When the vast prairies are crossed and the dread of prairie-fires is over, they are now entering the tangled forest. The speed of this wagon train must indeed be slow; for brave men and boys, with helping slaves, must go ahead with axes, picks and shovels, to make a road and bridges for crossing before this train can pass. Glad at heart are they to end their long journey here; for immigrants and draft-animals are tired and thirsty.

As they approach the water's edge, great flocks of geese, ducks, soar aloft, circle and disappear in the distance. Large blue and yellow cat-fish are swimming in deep pools. The great gar pokes his long beak up out of the water, as he comes up to breathe. The sluggish old alligator ends his sun-bath and dives into the river. The wild deer treads softly upon the grassy bank, pauses a moment and sniffs, as if scenting them, then bounds away into the forest.

Looking westward across the prairie; they see vast herds of buffalo grazing upon the bil-

lowy grass. To the eastward, they hear a crash! looking quickly behind them, they see the long horns of wild bulls, locked in fighting for supremacy. A catamount suddenly springs upon an unwary member of the herd, fastens his cruel claws into its side, eats sumptuously of living flesh and disappears into the forest.

The huge black bear sallies forth from the valley of the Cibolo, as defiant as Goliath.

Hearing the chattering of squirrels, they look over-head and see great clusters of pecans upon tall pecan trees. The trilling song of the mocking-bird betrays large clusters of purple grapes that hang in festoons over-head.

"Ah!" they said: "Go we might to the bilowy sea, but we will find no such genial climate, such healthful waters, or peaceful groves, no other place so well adapted to the needs and wants of man as this self-same place."

They cast their tents—now the dawn of a peaceful hamlet! The erection of log mansions began. Ere these were finished, rock was brought from the quarry and majestic stone palaces rise. In a short distance from these, were built long rows of negro cabins, homes for the slaves.

Looking down the slope toward the river we see a stone building for school and church; for

these fore-fathers, were friends to education and refinement.

Now, bound by the tender bonds of a common country, each feels its dependence upon the other, as they see the blue smoke rise from the camp-fire of the Red-man. All social rank is forgotten! All settlers are friends! All have one important thought in mind; that of protecting the lives and property of our people. A local government is organized. The little city is prosperous and growing rapidly. But Lo! the dark wings of the Civil War cast its shadow over this little province, and takes from these homes, fathers, sons, husbands and sweet-hearts. They shoulder their muskets in answer to the bugle's call and win many laurels upon hard fought fields of battle. But as the stars come out one by one, and the great round moon rises over the high walls of the dark pine forest and looks down upon the pale, lifeless, forms, far away from home, as pitying comrades weep over them.

At last the remnant of this small band comes home. But with comrades lost! Health lost! Cause lost! All lost! ! These brave hearts that planned this little city grew old, and now live only in the memory of their countrymen.

But still we see the old rock school-house and

the Polley mansion, with its ivy-covered walls, its tall trees, and its old time shrubbery standing as monuments of pioneer enterprise.

Peering into the twentieth century, the Indian camp-fire is far removed. It now burns upon the Indian Reservation. The long white covered wagon-trains are seen here no more; but the great steel bands of the Southern Pacific Railroad, automobiles and aeroplanes have brought this "Priceless Treasure," in touch with all the world. Now the hurrying wheels of passenger trains are heard night and day, as they bring hither nature lovers, picnickers and health seekers from all parts of the world. As far back as history can be traced Sutherland Springs has been inhabited and known to be a wonderful health resort.

A COUNTY SITE MOVED

By W. O. Murray (Ex-Senator of Texas)

At the close of The War between the States, Sutherland Springs was the County Site, but during the period of Re-construction, Wm. Longsworth was County Judge, and in 1874, he told J. W. Lily of Sutherland Springs, if he would pay him two hundred and fifty dollars,

he would establish the County Site there permanently Mr. Lily indignantly refused to pay the money and early the next morning Wm. Longsworth loaded the County Records on Mexican carts and moved them to the little Mexican village, Lodi.

Soon thereafter, an election was called to locate the County Site at Sutherland Springs; it soon developed that if Lodi was within a five mile radius of the county's geographical center; it would take a two thirds majority vote to move it to Sutherland Springs—Longsworth, being a surveyor, he made the survey, and found that Lodi was outside the limit, and when he found this fact, he made a deal to survey a town site within the five mile limit. He then surveyed what is now Floresville. When the election came off, Sutherland Springs failed to get the two-thirds majority vote, and the County Site remained at the new town of Floresville.

Next, a sale of lots was held. Lots were sold at public auction. The town was named by Clemente Delgado, in honor of his wife, who before her marriage was, Concepcion Flores.

A court house was built of lumber and a jail was built of red sand stone. Sometime later, the court house and County Records were

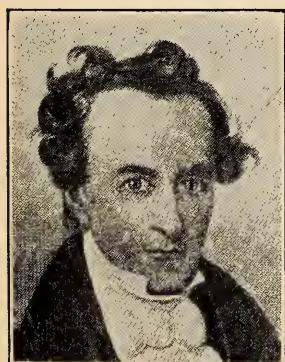
destroyed by fire. In 1884 and 1885, a substantial court house was built of brick, and a brick jail was built near the court house.

The first school was built by a stock company and was called The Floresville Academy. This building has been replaced by a modern High School Building, and today, some of the leaders of our State, received the foundation of their education in The Floresville High School.

ERA II.

THE SETTLEMENT OF AUSTIN'S COLONY

By Miss Perdie Busby



Stephen F. Austin

Little did John Busby, of the early colonial days think, when he had crossed the mountains, which were then a great barrier between the Atlantic Slope and the Mississippi Valley, that he was helping to blaze a path, that would one day end in Texas,

but this proved to be true. When Daniel Boone left the east and pushed westward, John Busby left his parents, sisters and brothers and went

with Boone to seek a fortune in the west. They settled in Missouri, where Booneville now stands.

This pioneer of those days, was killed in 1812, by the Osage Indians, but he left sons who possessed the adventurous spirit of their father. One of them, William Busby, came to Texas with Stephen F. Austin and settled in Austin's colony, and helped in many ways to make what is now, the Lone Star State—Texas; he helped to build the first house in the city of Houston. While his pioneer life was not altogether a path of roses, not once did he say: "Let me return to the land of my fathers." He was married to Miss Perdum Brown. To them was born five children.

Mrs. Busby, like most all other pioneer Texas mothers, was of the Priscilla style. She remained at home and cared for the children, while the father earned the living. When General Sam Houston gathered his little band of men in defense of Texas, this William Busby was one of them, who went to strengthen his army.

His wife followed with other wives on horseback, trying to just keep in hearing distance of their braves. Thus they followed on and on, until the guns of the battle of San Jacinto

broke forth on that April morning in 1836. Both were fighting; he with his gun and bayonet for the defense of his country, she in prayer, with all of the earnestness of her soul, for the safety of her loved ones. The victory was soon won and these ruddy pioneers returned to their homes and began life anew, in the Lone Star Republic of Texas.

LOCATING CASTRO'S GRANT

By R. C. Dollins

In 1836, while Colonel Jack Hays and General Castro, a French Count, were locating Castro's colony land, at Castroville, near San Antonio, the Commanche Indians surrounded them.

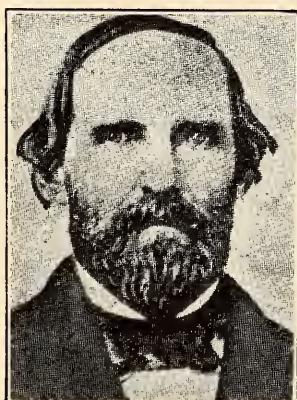
Colonel Jack Hays, commanding seventy men, formed them in a circle, while he and Castro stood in the center. Hays told his men not to fire until they could see the Indain's eyes, and that he would give the signal to fire, by firing his own pistol. His order was to fire only two shots, as the Texas Rangers were armed with big lagoon revolvers, which shot one-half ounce balls. These revolvers were issued by the Lone Star Government..

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After the fight which was at the Quihi Water Hole, seven Indians were found dead. Every Indian in the band was killed.

The Battle of Bandera Pass

In about 1838 or 1839, Colonel Ben McCullough, with about thirty men, surrounded twenty-one Indians in Bandera Pass. They killed all but one, who got away. They never knew how he escaped nor where he went. There were twenty-one of them before the attack and only twenty bodies were found.



Col. Ben McCullough

Ben McCullough was a great Indian fighter. He was one of the officers of the Five Hundred, (The Five Hundred, was five hundred Texas volunteers, who volunteered to fight in the Mexican War, with Jack Hays, under command of General Zachary

Taylor.) Colonel McCullough, was a spy for General Taylor during the Mexican War. He could read, write and speak Spanish, and could disguise himself and pass as a Mexican, get all of the information possible, then go

back, dress in uniform and tell General Taylor what he had learned.

A Trip Across the Plains

In 1863, I made a trip to New Mexico. I was employed, with several others, by Irving Jackson. Our wagon Boss' name was Miller. As we went up there, Yellow Buffalo, A Kiawa War Chief, rode along with us for three days. He could speak good English and was very friendly, but as we came back, we crossed the desert and reached the Horn Alex Crossing, on the Arkansas River, about four o'clock in the morning. In the afternoon of that day we crossed the north side of the river, and went down the river valley, there were three tribes of Indians: The Comanches, the Rapahos and the Kiawas, were camped there, in the trail.

The next night after we had pasesd them, the Texans went in and took practically all of their horses. They passed us the next day with thousands of the Indian's horses.

On the fourth day our wagon boss, John Miller, saw the Indians coming. He fired his pistol, which meant for us to corral our teams, we did, forming a circle around a spring of water. We then took ammunition and stood

ready for further orders. Just then one of our men said: "I see old Yellow Buffalo yonder riding a dun horse."

They planted their war staffs (poles with feathers stuck upon them,) that meant they were on the war path. Yellow Buffalo rode up to our corral, and as he came up, John Miller said: "What do you mean by surrounding me and my men like this?" Yellow Buffalo said: "We only want something to eat. We want a beef to eat. The Texans have taken all of our horses. They rode up with their pistols in their hands and drove off every horse we had." John Miller said: "I will give you something to eat, but I will not give them Red Devils one bite, and remember, this will all come out off your annuity money, and it will cost you heavily. I'll fight you for it, and I believe I can whip you."

I was mess cook and ate with old Yellow Buffalo, as I had done the three days he rode along with us, as we went to New Mexico.

At four o'clock that afternoon, we broke camp and went forty miles that night. We surely traveled fast. We drove our steers, cattle and horses under whip. The next morning about four o'clock, we reached Coon Creek, six miles from Fort Leonard. Six weeks after

that, the Indians took Fort Leonard, killed sixty men and burned the Fort.

THE SETTLEMENT OF DE WITT'S COLONY

By Mrs. J. F. Wofford



Columbus DeWitte

My grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaam Smith, were among the first colonists to settle at Gonzales in 1825. My grandmother was a Miss Elizabeth Hodges. My grandparents were married in Knoxville, Tennessee, then came to Texas and settled at Gonzalas, when there was only one log house there. Judge Ballinger lived in it.

Grandmother's brother, T. H. Hodges, came to Texas a few weeks prior to their coming, in order to build a house for them before they arrived. T. H. Hodges was a black-smith by trade; so he built two large rooms with a doorway in front and back. This double house was designed to serve a double purpose, that of a black-smith shop and a residence.

The Journey to Texas

When my grandparents arrived, a few weeks later, they landed at Galveston. Their journey was not pleasant; for my great uncle Batte Smith, and his wife Delilah Smith, were among the colonists and their little son Dave, was taken seriously ill while sailing down the Mississippi River. It seemed that he could not live until they reached the harbor. Aunt Delilah prayed earnestly, that her child might live until they landed, as the Gulf of Mexico was full of crocodiles. He lived, but died just as they reached harbor. Her prayer was answered. He was not buried at sea but was buried at Galveston and then the four families with their slaves, viz: the two Smith families, the Hodges and Nath Davis' family, left immediately enroute to Gonzales. Columbus DeWitte remained in Galveston a few days attending to business. Thei ronly means of transportation was by a long train of ox-wagons. These hauled the immigrants and their household goods, consisting of their clothing, bed-clothing and a few other articles. Grandmother said: "When we finally arrived, we drove in at the front door and out at the back door.

Our bed-steads were rudely built of puncheon legs and cross pieces and nailed to the

wall, to hold it stationary. A primitive bedstead indeed!

The other three families went into camp, but with the help of the slaves, log mansions were soon erected and they were comfortably located, in what is now known as the historic city of Gonzales, Texas.

Our Food

The settlers killed wild turkeys and deer for food. This was done almost every morning, as they were plentiful around the camp. The river teemed with fish.

Crops of corn and cotton were planted, as soon as possible. The colonists bought cattle from the friendly tribes of Comanche Indians. These cattle furnished milk, butter, cheese, cottage-cheese, beef, tallow and hides.

The Salt Works

The limited supply of salt, which they brought with them was soon exhausted, but they noticed the cattle frequented salt licks on Salt Creek, where they licked the salt from the earth.

The colonists profited by this lesson from nature, and soon had a salt factory established

on the bank of Salt Creek. This consisted of eight or ten large iron wash boilers and one large caldron, which held perhaps fifty gallons. The salt works were built under a group of very large trees. I have often wondered how such gigantic trees could grow in such briny soil.

The salt was made by scraping up white saline deposits, or fungi, which have the appearance of miniature mushrooms, and are about the size of a small navy bean.

This deposit was hauled to the salt works in wagons. There it was put into wash-boilers and boiled until the brine was extracted. It was then strained through a cloth and boiled two or three times; it was then strained into the caldron and boiled until it became dry. When it was dry it was beautiful, clear, white crystals of pure salt.

It was the custom to take slaves and work a week at the public salt works, for it usually took about a week to make a year's supply. Later the settlers bought commercial salt instead of making it; but during the Civil War, the salt works was again put into use, and was always free to anyone who wished to make salt.

Gourds

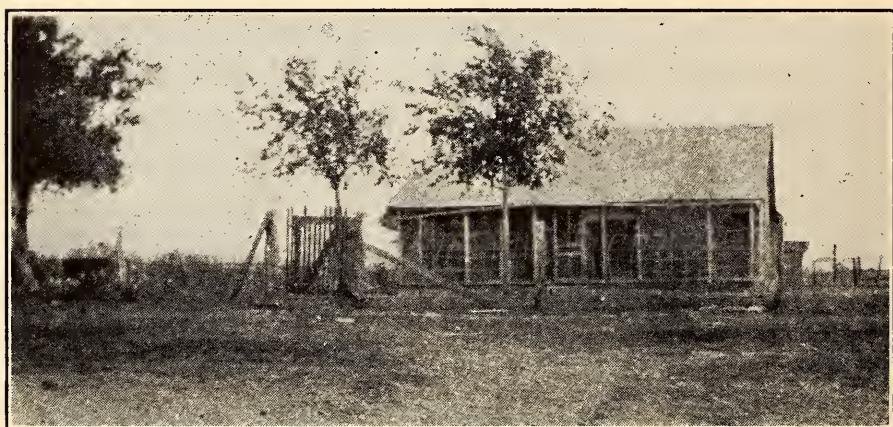
My grand mother's dairy utensils consisted of scores of round gourds. These home-made vessels ranged in size from a pint to several gallons. She had them washed, scraped and sunned daily. One set of gourds was boiled and the milk strained in them one day; the next day the milk was skimmed and churned and these vessels were scraped and sunned, to be boiled and used the next day. The milk kept perfectly in these crude containers. Each vessel was made with a lid to cover it. These gourds were used by the colonists for milk-strainers, water-buckets, water-bottles, dippers, bowls, plates, powder-gourds, for clothes chests and in many other ways.

Uncle Archie Gibson

In the year of 1877, Dr. Wofford and I, lived on a ranch in Gonzalas County. Uncle Archie Gibson, as he was called by the settlers, lived in our home. About all he did was to pet and spoil our baby and tell us thrilling stories of his war days. Uncle Archie was a veteran of the Texas Revolution and of the Civil War.

One of his favorite stories was "The Fall of The Alamo." He said: "On the day of the Fall

of the Alamo, Alsie Miller and I had gone from Gonzalas, a distance of about seventy-five miles, in response to Travis' call for help. We rode good horses but it took us several hours to ride there. When we arrived, we were attacked by the Mexican scouts, who shot a horse from under me, at the same instant Alsie Miller



The Home of Alsie Miller Near Gonzales

shot a Mexican, who fell from his horse. No sooner had the Mexican fallen, than I mounted the vacant saddle, this mount was a large gray mare. And after four Mexicans were killed the remnant of the band fled. We scouted around there all day hoping to get into the walls of the Alamo, but finding it too strongly fortified we returned home. Several hours later we arrived at the old King ranch, on the Guadalupe River, near Gonzales. Grand-

mother and grandfather King were gone from home, but as Alsie Miller was their son-in-law, we went into the ranch house and took our horses inside with us and closed the doors, to prevent the Mexicans finding us.

We fed our horses in the bottom of an old fashioned cupboard and wrote our names inside of it with a lead pencil, to let the family know that we had been there; for in those times no one ever knew at what moment he might be killed.

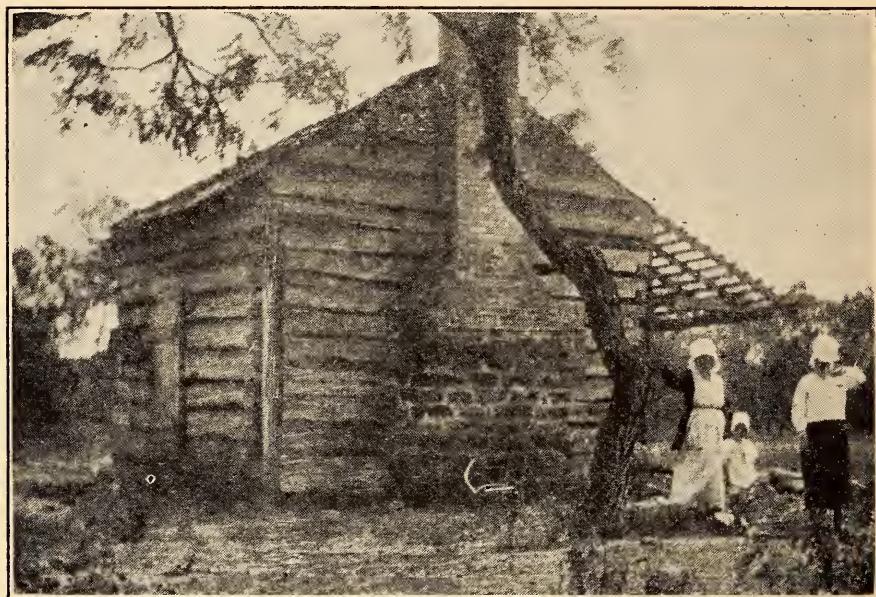
After the Run-a-way Scrape was over and people returned to their homes, the King family treasured this cupboard in memory of days gone by.

Isaam Smith

My grandfather, Isaam Smith, was a veteran of the War of 1812, between the United States and England. He was a veteran of the Texas Revolution and of the Mexican War of 1845, between the United States and Mexico.

Grandfather said, when he was in service in the War of 1812, he never allowed himself to get home-sick, but one day a Scotch lad came through the camp with a bagpipe, playing the touching strains of "Home Sweet Home." "Right then," he said, "I learned the value of

home. I was never satisfied again until the war closed and I reached my own home."



The first home built and occupied by Isaam Smith

Even now, I can remember how Grandfather's countenance changed while relating this story. No doubt, this was one reason why he never moved from his original grant of land, at Gonzalas.

The Water-Mill and Cotton-Gin

Grandfather had a cotton gin and a mill for grinding grain. It was on the Guadalupe River, five miles from Gonzalas. He never

tolled a widow woman's sack of corn in his life, and if her sack looked light, he went to his own hopper and filled it. I know this to be true, for I have stood there many times and witnessed the fact. I played in the mill, while Grandfather worked. My favorite sport was to drive the old mule that went round and round to grind the grain.

After Grandfather grew old, he quit ginning cotton and had a dam made in the river and built a water-mill to grind the grain. This old water-mill stood there until several years later. A sudden rise in the river, bursted the dam and the mill was washed away.

This old gin was a two-story building, and in my memory now, I can see just how the old negro slaves looked as they drove the cotton wagons to the gin. Each wagon took its place in line to await its turn for ginning. Some of these wagons were drawn by oxen and some by horses or mules. Each wagon was driven in its turn to the stairway outside and the cotton was carried up stairs in baskets on the negroes' shoulders. This stair-way was built of heavy lumber. The steps were wide, banisters were built on the out-side and a wide platform was built at the top of the stairs, at the entrance of the cotton-room. This seed-cotton

was dropped into the machinery below (elevators were unknown to them.)

After the seed had been separated from the lint, they were loaded on the wagon and the square bale of lint which was made by tramping the lint into the old square press, where the bagging and ties were put around it and a heavy press was applied. When the bale was finished it was lifted on the seed in the wagon and hauled home.

At some convenient time, the owner of the cotton had it hauled to market and sold.

The First Bank at Gonzalas

The first bank that Gonzalas had was an old, dry, dug well. When the colonists dug wells and failed to get water, they then dug in other places until they found water.

They put their money and other valuables in an old fashion money-sack and dropped it into the dry well, with a windlass. The windlass was then taken away and the money was thought to be safe.

Civil War Days

We fared well during the Civil War. Colonel Wood and Mr. Botts were too old to go to war, but they were valiant soldiers at home. They were always busy watching the interests of the women and children of the soldiers. Each had a certain district to over-see. Colonel



An Old Pole Fence Much Used in Pioneer Days.

Wood was appointed to our district. He made regular visits to each farm to supervise the farm work. He set the plows and gave general instructions to the slaves, concerning the cultivation of the crops. Both of these noble men lived to be very old, and were buried at Gonzalas.

"Uncle Coop" or W. W. Smith

Uncle Coop or W. W. Smith being physically unable to go to war, served the South as best he could by supplying the women and children with necessary articles by freighting. He drove a freight wagon from Gonzales, to El Paso, over the Old Spanish Trail. This was a perilous undertaking, but he was never harmed. He hauled cotton and other produce for several families, and on his return trips he brought their supplies; such as coffee, sugar, flour and dry goods. The coffee was bought in two-hundred pound sacks of green coffee; the sugar was bought in one-hundred pound or two-hundred pound sacks. The flour was bought in barrels of one-hundred and ninety-six pounds.

Our kid shoes were bought by him. They were made in Mexico and were very beautiful. Our shoes for every day wear were made in Gonzales, by a shoemakes, Mr. Fisher. Our Most elaborate dresses were made of calico and lawn, brought from El Paso by Uncle Coop Smith.

One day when Uncle Coop Smith was about fourteen years of age, he was plowing a yoke of oxen, when the noon hour came he decided to ride an ox to the house, as he went to eat

his dinner, when he mounted the ox it threw him off and broke his leg. The physician was summoned and the limb was set. Precaution was taken to prevent complications, but the weather was hot and he took fever, which continued and he was stricken with tetanus. His jaws became locked about one-half inch apart and remained locked until the end of his long, useful life. He could never chew his food, but he mashed it well in his plate, then pressed it between his teeth with a knife and swallowed it without chewing. Despite all of his afflictions he served his country well.

Late in life, he was married to Miss Sue Wiggins, and reared a large family. When nearing his ninetieth mile-stone he died. His children are yet living on the original Smith ranch, near Gonzales, Texas.

The Run-A-Way Scrape

After the fall of the Alamo, couriers were sent warning settlers of the coming of Santa Anna's army.

Isaam Smith and famliy hid as many articles as they could. Among the other things they hid was Grandmother's old wash-boiler. She put a trace chain through the ear of it,

they then fastened the chain to the root of a large cypress tree. The root was growing under water. The boiler was sunk and neither the chain nor the boiler were visible.

They loaded such house-hold goods as they could on an ox-wagon. The things they could not take, including a feather bed and a crib of corn, they burned, then hastened to join in the Run-a-way Scrape. When the expected news was received, Grandmother prepared lunch for the next day's journey, and some three or four days they reached La Grange, a town on the Colorado River. They went no further, but it was so late after the battle of San Jacinto. my grand-parents remained there that year. While there my mother, Miss Mary Jane Smith, met J. P. McElyea of Tennessee. They were married at La Grange.

The next year my grand parents returned to their home at Gonzales. They found Grandmother's wash-boiler in the river as they had left it. This was the only time they ever moved from their home, after settling at Gonzales. Grandfather died there, at the age of ninety-six years, and several years later, Grandmother died at the age of ninety-seven.

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. McElyea, remained

at La range five or six years and then moved to Gonzales. At that time, I was three years old. My father was over-seer for several large farms, besides that of his own.

When the Civil War began, J. P. McElyea, served as a private under General McGruder. He was promoted to Lieutenant's office for bravery, but had bronchitis and was forced to go home, where he remained five or six months, then returned to the same command and served as a private, until the close of the war. My mother, who remained at our home at Gonzales, carded, spun and wove, as did the other women. She kept me in school. I attended the school which was known as the Gonzales College. After finishing school at this college, I taught school at Luling, Texas.

While teaching there, I met Doctor J. F. Wofford. We were married in 1875. I taught the Burnet school in 1876, thus ended my eight years service as public school teacher in Texas.

A Negro School Teacher

Our house servant Sarah, remained with us a year after the slaves were freed. We children were so attached to Sarah, that we gave her a home education; we taught her, and at the end of the year, she took the teacher's ex-

amination and was given a second grade certificate. After teaching negro schools four or five years, she married and quit teaching. Not long after her marriage she died, and as a token of our affection to a faithful slave, Father bought the expensive casket in which she was buried.



*J. C. Wofford Ranch House
Where Mrs. J. F. Wofford Lives With Her Son*

A FAITHFUL SLAVE

By Evalyn B. Sterling
(Grand niece of Col. E. A. Glover)

Colonel E. A. Glover, of Marengo County, Alabama, had purchased 5000 acres of land on the east bank of the Brazos River, about five miles across from San Felipe, in the year of 1854. This land was originally a part of Stephen F. Austin's Grant.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, Col. Glover returned to Alabama to enlist in the Confederate Army; later he wished to send some money to Texas as a payment on the land. It was a long and dangerous overland trip, at that time and he felt sure no one could be more trusted than his body servant, named Jacke Glover. Jacke was sent alone, from Marengo county Alabama, to the east bank of the Brazos, in what is now known as Waller County, Texas, but at that time it was Austin County. Jake brought (\$11,000) eleven thousand dollars in gold with him. It was sewed in a home made belt which was fastened around his body and swung from his shoulders.

This trust was faithfully fulfilled and the money delivered to the right party.

Colonel Glover was wounded the first year of the war, discharged for surgical reasons, but reinstated a year later and served until the close as sub. enrollment officer at Demopolis, Alabama. He returned to Texas after the war was closed and lived on the above property until his death, in 1871.



THE SOCIETY OF THE NOBLES

By Robert Penniger

The Society of Nobles met April 20, 1842, at Biebrich, on the Rhine. There were fourteen of them. They were Counts and Princes. They decided at that meeting that two of them should go to Texas. The two selected were Counts Boos Waldeck and Victor Leingen. They came to Texas in 1842, and tried to get a grant of land. They failed, so Leiningen went back to Germany, but Count Boos Waldeck stayed in Texas until January 1843, then he too, went back to Germany.

Count Boos Waldeck did not approve of the colonization in Texas, the expenses were too heavy. In the mean-time, however, in 1843, a French nobleman Bourgeois de Orvanne, came to the Society of Noblemen, saying he had a contract for colonization in Texas. The Noblemen of Germany bought the contract September 9, 1843. Later they found the contract would expire December 3, 1843. They managed to get it extended six months, even then, it was impossible to settle the colony in six months.

The Society, by this time, was almost bankrupt, but they constituted another society for the protection of German Immigrants to Texas.

They received their charter on May 3, 1844. The Duke of Nassau, issued this charter to them. This new Charter Company, bought a grant of land on the San Saba River. They bought it from Fisher and Miller. This grant also had almost expired, but it was extended by the Congress of Texas, for several years. This grant was divided among the settlers. Each family was given six hundred and forty acres and a single man was given three hundred and twenty acres.

The Settlement of New Braunfels

Prince Solms was in command of the first shipment of Immigrants that arrived in Texas. They left Germany in the fall of 1844, and landed in Texas, about November or December of that year, reaching harbor in Lavaca Bay at Indianola. This town was afterwards destroyed by a storm in 1886.

The first immigrants passed the Guadalupe River, on Black Friday, March 21, 1845. The next day they crossed the river and pitched

camp on the Comal Creek, and gave it the name of New Braunfels. in memory of Prince Solms' castle. Prince Solms came a few months prior to the arrival of the settlers, and had found it impossible to get up to the grant of land he had secured, on account of the Indians. Consequently, he bought a tract of land on the Comal Creek, between the Comal and Guadalupe rivers, as he had to put these settlers some where.

Prince Solms gave town lots and ten acre tracts to each family. The colonists made a contract with this Society of German Nobles to furnish them with food and other supplies, necessary to make a crop.

Prince Solms had to organize a troop of rangers for the protection of the colonists from the Indians. All went well for about a year, then the money gave out.

The first thing the immigrants did was to organize a school and a church. Having no building they held school and church under a big oak tree, at the foot of a hill south of New Braunfels. This hill was called Vereinsberg, which means Society Hill. Upon this hill a log castle having two rooms and a hall between, was built for Prince Solms. He named it Sophienberg, in honor of Sophia, a young lady

he so much admired in Germany. After having organized a school and a church, they were soon settled in log-houses.

Prince Solms Returns to Germany

The expenses of the settlement were so heavy that Prince Solms had not the means to pay his accounts. Some uneasy creditor, who had furnished him supplies, had Prince Solms arrested in Galveston. When the news of their condition reached Germany, they sent instead of Prince Solms, Johann Ottfried Von Meusebach, who came over in 1845. He brought about ten thousand dollars in money with him. He satisfied Prince Solms creditors, by paying the indebtedness with money he had brought, and Prince Solms returned to Germany.

After this Count Meusebach took charge of the business of the Society, and it prospered.

Fredericksburg Is Settled

New Immigrants were constantly arriving. It soon became necessary for Count Meusebach to get more room. He sent out an expedition of thirty-six men north west to the Pedernales River to find the road to the San Saba grant. They started from New Braunfels in 1845. They arrived at the present location of Freder-

icksburg, in about 1846. They erected a block house, buried their tools and went back to New Braunfels, because their supplies were exhausted.

Nothing of importance happened on their return trip, except that Daniel Arhelger, accidentally shot himself through the arm, but he recovered.

The first expedition left New Braunfels April 23, 1846, to settle Fredericksburg. The party consisted of one-hundred and twenty people, men, women and children. They started with twenty ox teams and two Mexican carts. They were protected by eight of The Society's Rangers. They arrived and made camp at Fredericksburg on May 6, 1846. They were soon comfortably located in Cabins and log houses. They divided the land as they did at New Braunfels into town lots and in farms of ten acres to each family.

About the middle of summer, a second expedition arrived. All went well until Doctor Schubert was appointed administrator of the food and supplies. He squandered the supplies, and the settlers became demoralized, but when the news reached New Braunfels, Count Meusebach dismissed Doctor Schubert and took charge of the settlement himself. Another rea-

son why Doctor Schubert was removed from office was because Count Meusebach had told him to go to the Llano River and make friends with the Commanche Indians. He went up there, but was afraid to meet them and returned to the settlement.

Johann Ottfried Von Meusebach Is Now John Meusebach

Count Johann Ottfried Von Meusebach gave up his title and called himself John Meusebach. After John Meusebach came to Fredericksburg, he went up to the Llano River and there he met the first Commanche Indians, and inquired of them concerning the location of their main camp, and asked permission to meet their war chief. They were allowed to meet him. His name was Mopechuclope (The Old Owl). This meeting was held March 1, 1847, in Old Owl's camp.

When the White man and the Red man met, the White man fired his rifle into the air to show the Red man that they came in peace. The Indian did likewise to show that they came in good faith. The Indains showed them where to pitch their tents, right next to the Indain village. When they entered the camp, they

were told that the Indians had but little to eat and there was a possibility of the Mexican slaves or prisoners stealing the white men's horses and eating them.

After dark they heard the beating of a big drum. They asked the Indains' interpreter, Jim Shaw, what it meant. He told them that it was a band of warriors who would go the next day on the war path to Old Mexico.

The next morning they saw about twenty warriors leave in battle array with their spears and shields, their faces hideously painted and they wore feathers on their heads. That day at noon, some fifteen or twenty Commanche chiefs, assembled to meet Meusebach and his party. Meusebach said to them: "We have come a long way to smoke the peace pipe with the Commanches, and I have come with some of my people from across the big ocean, to live with the Commanches and all other Americans, under the same big father, the president. I have made a settlement on the Pedernales River and I want to bring some of my people to the Llano River and make a settlement. We will plant corn and raise cattle and then our red brothers will have something to eat when the buffalo hunt fails. We will live in peace and protect each other against raids and thefts,

and we will make you presents to the value of one thousand dollars. We will visit each other and live in harmony. Jim Shaw, who was a half breed Indian, was interpreter for the party. He told them the Indians wanted until the next day to consider what Meusebach had said. The next day another meeting was held and Old Owl was present. He told Meusebach he was glad he had come to live with his people, that at first he did not trust them, but he had changed his mind. He said that many of his warriors were out on a buffalo hunt and on the war path in Mexico. And he would have to hold a counsel with them before he could give a definite answer. He said he wished to hold a counsel with all the other tribes of the Comanches; for he would not make a promise until he knew he could keep it; therefore, he must of necessity, hold a counsel with the other tribes. He said he was sure that the people on the other side of the Red River had not treated the Comanches right; but he hoped their wrongs would soon be adjusted and that he wanted to keep peace on his side, the southwest side of the Brazos River.

Meusebach said he was glad the Comanches intended to live in peace with the settlers.

Meusebach promised Old Owl there would be no division line between them.

In this treaty John Meusebach made with the Indains, it was agreed that one white man should live with the Indains as a guarantee to this friendship. It was decided that Emil Kriewitz would remain with the Indians. He lived with them about five years. When Meusebach took his leave, Old Owl told him they would visit Fredericksburg about two months later.

The Coming of the Comanches

When the two months had passed, the Indians, according to promise, arrived in Fredericksburg and brought with them buffalo skins, buck skins, honey, venison and moccasins. The honey was brought in deer skin bottles. These products were brought to Fredericksburg, to exchange for iron, to make arrow points, as they were much easier made of iron than flint. They now received the presents that Meusebach had promised them. Old Owl was given a block house to occupy while among them. He went in before night but when morning came he was gone. He came back that morning,

but did not stay long. He left and never came back again.

The squaws came to the store of Ransleben, and begged for empty round cheese boxes. These boxes were converted into tambourines. They accepted all kinds of trinkets with much pleasure.

I remember one pioneer said: "Once, while the Indians were visiting Fredericksburg, they discovered a silver cross. The whole tribe wanted one. We had not enough silver for all, so we made some of tin ,and found they were delighted to wear them."

The Indians Have A Ware Dance In Front of The New Church Building

The settlers built the first church house at Fredericksburg, in 1847. It was a kind of community house. All religious denominations were allowed to preach there. Each denomination had certain hours in which to hold services. It was also used for a school house. It was a block log house, and the walls were made smooth by filling the cracks between the logs with adobe and mortar. It was built in an octagon shape and has been called, "The Old Coffeee Mill."

In about 1848, when the church was completed, the Indians came back and held a war dance, in front of the new church building. The men, women and children marched three in a row backward and forward, they went shouting: "Hi, heighi heighi ho." While singing this song they were playing on their tambourines and dancing their war dance.

The Indians Save the Settlers from Starvation

In the winter of 1847, an epidemic of scurvy broke out among the settlers. They had no medicine, and there was none for sale; so an ox-cart was kept busy almost every day, carrying the dead to the cemetery.

In the spring of 1848, the settlers gathered weeds of various kinds and used them for vegetables. They used acorns for coffee and even made bread of acorns.

In the summer of 1848, the cholera broke out and lasted until 1849. During all these times the Indians were very kind to the settlers. They brought bear-meat, bear-fat, venison and honey, and did all they could to help them.

Fort Martin Scott Is Built by the United States

The United States government built Fort

Martin Scott in November 1848. Quite a number of the settlers were employed in this work. This enabled them to get provisions, also to earn money.

The Mormon Colony

The Mormon colonists, settled on the Pedernales River, about 1848. They were on their way from Utah to Old Mexico, but settled there four miles from Fredericksburg, where they remained three or four years, then went to Old Mexico. While living on the Pedernales River, they erected the first mill for grinding corn, but it was washed away by a sudden rise in the river.

From about 1850, after the United States Soldiers, went to Fort Martin Scott, conditions improved. There, C. H. Guenther built their first mill, on Live Oak Creek. Later Mr. Guenther went to San Antonio, and became the founder of the now, so-called "Pioneer Flour Mills."

The Indians Become Hostile

About 1850, the Indians became hostile to the settlers. In October 1851, while hunting horses on Bear Creek, Carl Wahrmund was

attacked by Indains, who shot arrows at him. One passed through his shirt, but by running two miles, he reached home safely. The settlers hastily made up a party; which set out in pursuit of them, and followed them as far as Goat Creek. There, they found an American settler, who had been murdered by the Lipan Indians, but the Indains set the grass on fire and the men were forced to give up the chase.

The Settlement of Leiningen

In 1848, quite a number of professional men came over from Germany. They went up the Llano River and made a settlement, which they called Bettina; it was named in honor of a German writer.

This was settled on a communistic plan. About the same date another settlement called Leiningen was made about ten miles from Bettina.

The Bettina settlement lasted only about a year. It was then abandoned and the settlers moved to Sisterdale. These settlers were all educated people and were called Lateiner.

Some Indian Depredations

In the Sisterdale settlement in 1848, a boy about twenty years old, Herman Runge, who

was a doctor's son, was murdered by the Indians. The same band of Indians drove away many of the settler's horses.

On February 13, 1853, while Henrich Archelger was riding in company with his brother-in-law, they were attacked by Indians near Bear Mountain. Henrich Arhelger had only a small pistol, a five shooter, and was riding a mule. His brother-in-law had a large pistol and was riding a good horse. He fled leaving the boy behind.

Henrich, realizing his helpless condition, jumped from his mule and took refuge behind a tree, where he was found dead the next day with arrows in his arm and neck. His five shooter was empty, and the body of one Indain was lying near. Henrich's friends took his body home and buried it the next day.

In the spring of 1864, Rudolph Fisher, the twelve year old son of Gottlieb Fisher, was captured by the Indains. He is now living on the Indian Reservation. He married an Indian woman and seems perfectly contented. He refused to live in society any more. He is a man of considerable wealth. "I knew him personally," said Robert Penniger, "and I also knew Hermann Lehmann. He too, was captured by Indains when quite a small boy. He was cap-

tured in 1868, and refused to give up this wild life. He would never live with his own people again. He came back and spent some years in his old home, but finally went back to the Indian Reservation.

On February 8, 1865, Annie and Katherine Metzger were captured by Indians. Miss Annie who was twenty-one years old was murdered; but Katherine, who was thirteen years old was carried away a captive; but in the summer of the same year, she was found on the Indian Reservation and was restored to her people.

Frank Vanderstucken

To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vanderstucken, of Fredericksburg, there was born a son, October 15, 1858. The boy too, was called Frank Vanderstucken. He is now a composer of music, he was leader of the singing society called "The Arion of New York." He traveled with that society in Europe and gave concerts. After that he was musical director of Symphony of Cincinnati, Ohio. He returned to Europe and is well known to the musical world.

Doctor Pleasant W. Rose and Family Immigrates to Texas

By G. W. Rose

When Doctor Pleasant W. Rose, a physician of Saint Louis Missouri, determined to immigrate to Texas, with his family, consisting of his wife, son, and two daughters. They sailed from New Orleans, Louisiana, on a schooner commanded by Captain Denmore. Although, James Spillman was their pilot, they did not escape ship-wreck—such was the fate of many Texas Immigrants.

They ran aground on Clopper's Point, later known as Morgan's Point, but were finally brought safely to Harrisburg, where the citizens gave them a cordial welcome. A few months later they moved to Stafford's Point and were living there when the Texas Revolution began, and the Run-a-way Scrape occured. Soon after this the city of Houston was laid out. Doctor Rose moved his family to a new home on Bray's Bayou, near enough for his children to attend school and avail themselves of other advantages offered by the growing town.

G. W. Rose, the son of Pleasant W. Rose, was born in Saint Louis Missouri, February 6,

1823, and died at the age of ninety-one years. He was living at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. P. Wallace, of Floresville, Texas, at the time of his death, March 21, 1914. He was associated with people of distinguished rank, among them were General Sam Houston, Thomas Rusk, Doctor Ashbel Smith and Anson Jones.

During the Civil War, G. W. Rose served the South as Lieutenant in Company F, of the Thirty-fifth Texas Cavalry. He was wounded, in the left arm and side, in a skirmish with Bank's army in 1864, and was borne from the field of battle by Private George Williams.

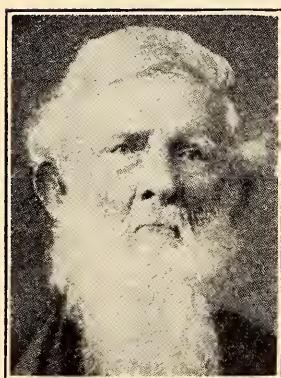
After the close of the Civil War, he held many other offices and was, indeed, one of the makers of Texas.

Dilue Rose was born in Saint Louis Missouri, in 1825, and while living at Bray's Bayou, she was married to Ira A. Harris. The wedding was attended by the leading people of the city. She was only fourteen years old when she was married. She reared a family of nine children, all of whom lived to be grown, married and became useful citizens. Yet, she found time to make her contributions to Texas History. Her account of the Run-a-way Scrape, which was largely drawn from a diary, kept by

her father, Doctor P. W. Rose, supplemented by her own vivid recollections, is very interesting and full of comprehensive details.

She became a widow by the death of her husband, in 1869. When she was nearing her ninetieth birthday, she died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. George S. Zeigler.

SOME OF GRANVILLE'S BOY-HOOD ADVENTURES



G. W. Rose

I was born February 6, 1823, near Saint Louis. In 1832 the cholera killed nearly every body in Saint Louis. In December of that year, we moved to New Orleans. When we arrived mother met a brother, Jim Wells, whom she thought was dead, as he had been gone for several years.

We lived in New Orleans, until March 1833. We then embarked for Texas on a small schooner. Our Captain's name was Spillman. My uncle, Jim Wells, came with us to Texas. We sailed into Galveston Bay during a storm. The wind blew our schooner into cedar brake and

when the water subsided she was landed, high and dry, in the cedar brake. There we spent the night.

The next day father got a small boat about twenty feet long, pulled by oars and took us to Harrisburg. Our small boat was so leaky, that Mother and I had to sit from one o'clock in the afternoon until midnight and bail the water out to keep it from sinking. We finally landed at Harrisburg at twelve o'clock at night, March 29, 1833.

I was ten years old. Imagine my surprise next morning. I was expecting to see a city, such as Saint Louis, or New Orleans, but found it to be pine bushes and sweet-gum saplings with just a few houses scattered here and there among the bushes. The house that Father got for us belonged to an old bachelor, an old sea captain, his name was Captain Hunnings.

The Harris' owned a saw-mill and a tan yard. The tan yard was run by a man named Paddy Brown. There were only two stores. One was owned by Mr. Richardson and the other by John W. Moore, who afterward was the first sheriff elected in Harris County.

Harrisburg then had a population of about six families, namely: Dave Harris, Mansfield, Lytle, Farmer, a widow, Mrs. Brewster, a man

named Hiram and my father, Doctor Pleasant W. Rose and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram for some reason became divorced. She was afterward the Mrs. Dickinson of the Alamo.

We stayed in Harrisburg until the fall of 1833 when the stars fell—and we thought it was time to get away from there. Father then went across the prairie to Stafford's Point. We lived there until after the Mexican War. In June the Brazos bottom was covered with water, the whole bottom was under water, which I suppose was the largest over-flow ever known there. No corn was made, which caused 1834, to be a very hard year for bread. We did without bread from March until we raised corn.

My mother hung clabber up in a sack and dripped the whey out and we used that for bread. We had vegetables and plenty of game; such as venison, bear-meat, wild turkeys, etc. On the first day of June 1834, my mother cooked the first roasting ears.

My father took deer skins to Harrisburg, a distance of twenty miles across the open prairie. These skins were sold and powder and lead were bought, for we had to keep powder and lead for our old flint-lock rifles.

In 1834, we made a good crop of corn and a

bale of cotton. Father took the cotton to Harrisburg and sold it to a new merchant, Sterling Doby; he payed Father sixty dollars for the bale. Mr. Doby was afterward a merchant in Houston, but came west to Nueces and went into the stock business.

In 1835 we had no dread of Mexican boll weevil. The first question asked of a person then was: "Have you seen anything of the Mexicans?" And in 1835, we made good cotton crops. Uncle Jim Wells was overseer for Mr. Allen Stafford. He received seven bales of cotton as payment for his work.

About December first, Uncle Jim Wells took the slaves, went to the Brazos River, built a flat-boat and loaded all our cotton; and Father and two slaves took the boat, run by oars, and went to Brazoria and sold the cotton. Father borrowed a horse and came home horse-back and I rode my horse and led the borrowed one back to his owner.

Some Of Our Amusements

Our amusements in those days were not many. Horse racing, balls, shooting matches and gander pulling, were about all we had. When one of these were known to be on hand, the people in the neighborhood where it was to

occur, made preparations to take care of all who came. The attendance was always large, men, women and children, came from far and near. But, from 1830 cattle and hogs were plentiful and wild game was yet abundant, little difficulty was experienced in feeding the large crowds. As for bedding, pallets and shake-downs were the rule, and if the time was after March or before November, it was no hardship to sleep out of doors. Money, actual cash, was very scarce and the betting was done in horses, cows and beeves, at so much a head or in other kind of personal property.

Shooting matches seemed to be the favorite amusement. The men of that day took a pride in their marksman-ship and to make the best shot was considered a great achievement. The choice of the five quarters of a beef was usually the prize shot for. To make the fifth quarter, the hide and tallow of the animal and the lead fired into the tree to which the target was nailed, was counted as a quarter and it naturally went to the poorest marksman; yet, the lead was valuable and was always carefully dug out of the tree.

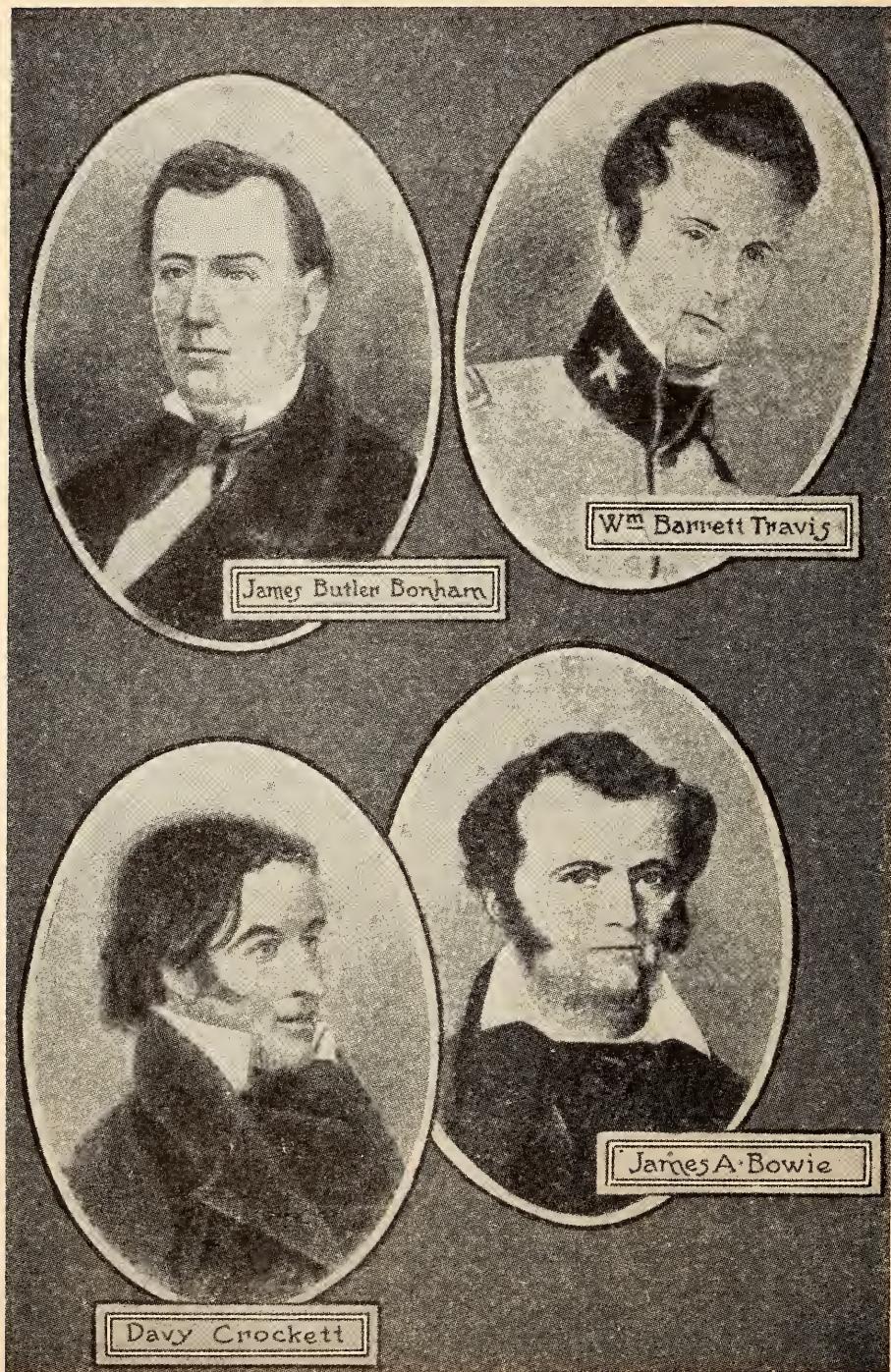
Gander-pulling was a barberous sport, in my opinion, and I am glad it has been abandoned entirely. A gander's head and neck was

thoroughly greased with soft soap and tied fast by his legs to the limb of a tree or to a pole suspended above the ground and the man, who, riding at full speed succeeded in pulling off the poor creatures head, was held to be the winner. The prize was usually a sum of money, the contribution of the contestants, one-half, of which, went to the winner, and the other to the owner of the gander.

The Declaration Of Texas Independence

In 1835, General Cos, lead an army to San Antonio, but was defeated. He then retreated to the Rio Grande in haste and confusion. In 1836, Santa Anna came; the fall of the Alamo, the battle of Goliad and the massacre of Fannin and his men followed. These events are already recorded in history. In the mean-time, we held a convention at Washington on the Brazos, declared our independence of Mexico, collected an army and elected, General Sam Houston, as commander-in-chief. Making Gonzales the rendezvous.

General Houston soon had an army of fourteen hundred men. We people east of that point felt perfectly safe, for we felt that General Houston would not let the Mexicans come



Four Martyrs of the Fall of the Alamo

any nearer. General Houston thought it better to retreat, to the east side of the Brazos, then to Grose's Retreat, and did so. This movement became known as the "Run-a-way Scrape."

The Run-A-Way Scrape

The settlers west of the Brazos, hurriedly gathered up such house-hold goods as they could carry and moved east of that river. They felt sure that Houston would not allow Santa Anna and his army to cross it. It was argued, he could easily prevent this, because of the dense cane-brake in the river valley, especially in the neighborhood of Richmond, where it was believed Santa Anna would try to cross, in order, to reach the heart of the settled country sooner.

Of course, many persons censured Houston for his retreat, and even accused him of cowardice. The majority, however, felt confident he would halt the Mexican Army, at the Brazos.

One morning about the first of April, when our folks were busy with their cotton planting, Adam Stafford,—Uncle Adam as we called him, rode up to Father's house, called Father out and said: "Doctor Rose we have got to get

out of here. General Houston has taken up the line of march for the Sabine River, and Santa Anna is pushing straight on to Richmond. He and his army will soon be in our midst." This was alarming news and set every thing and every body in motion.

The people who had come from west of the Brazos River and those living east of it, joined in a hurried march towards Louisiana. Instead of using them to plant cotton, our folks hitched our oxen, Old Bright and Lion, to a hastily manufactured sled. We loaded the sled with house-hold goods that we could not take with us and drove to the swamp and hid them there. When the oxen and sled returned we loaded the sled with cooking utensils, clothing and bedding and we were ready for migration. Just then Uncle Adam suggested, that Father should leave me, with him to help take care of the cattle.

To this Father agreed, and then, he driving the oxen and Mother trudging along on foot, carrying on her shoulder, "The smoke house"—which was my father's rifle; so called because, on it we depended for all of our meat. The family started.

They had not gone far when they over-took Mr. Bundick and his family, they were in a

cart and that, in a bog-hole, from which Mr. Bundick's team could not extricate it. The two men soon agreed on a plan of operation. Father hitched his oxen to the cart, in the lead of Bundick's team and dragged it out of the mire. They threw off of the cart, a part of Bundick's belongings, put Father's in their place and abandoned the sled, moved on in a cart drawn by two yoke of oxen. They had plenty of company, for the road from Stafford's Point, going eastward was lined with movers, most of the women and children were walking.

Mr. Stafford kept his son, Allen, and me busy helping him and the negroes to round up the cattle, belonging to him and my father. We gathered the main bulk of them and started the herd toward Louisiana. We headed for Buffalo Bayou, and on reaching the San Jacinto River, we found the roads crowded with movers and the river-bottoms covered with water. We took the cattle down into the bend of the bayou and river and hid them. This was six or seven miles from where the battle of San Jacinto was fought. At this time, Santa Anna was crossing the Brazos at Richmond, and Houston, with his army, was marching for the same crossing of the San Jacinto, that we had in view. But on account of muddy roads the

Texas army could move but slowly, and upon arriving at the widow Burnet's they went into camp for the night.

The San Jacinto Council

On the night of April 20, 1836, a council of war was held. At this meeting it was proposed by someone, to tear down some vacant houses on the De Zavala ranch and use the timber in them to make a floating bridge over which the Texas army, in case of its defeat the next day, might escape. General Houston vetoed the suggestion with indignation. "No!" he thundered, "We don't want any bridge to escape over, for we are going to make the fight tomorrow, and by The Eternal God, we are going to win it."

OUR CAMP

The Capture Of Jack Vince, Old Whip And Quick-Silver and The Battle Of San Jacinto

We were camped in the forks of the river, near the home of Mr. Allen Vince and about four hundred yards from his dwelling was the

historic structure, known as Vince's bridge.

The first news we got of advancing armies, came from Mr. Vince. He came to our camp crying and taking me by the arm he said: "Granville, Jack is gone. The Mexicans have captured him. You will have to be my boy now." He then related the following story: "While standing in the yard at my home, I saw a bunch of Mexicans approaching, they had just crossed the bridge. I ran down to the bayou and crossed it, but a Mexican called to me in English saying: 'Come back; we have not bothered any body we have found at home.' I seized my rifle, which was leaning against a tree, my first thought was to kill the Mexican. Then I remembered that my son Jack was out with the horses and was likely to return by way of the bridge, then laying down my rifle, I told Colonel Almonte, for that was his name, that I had a son in the woods who would soon be in and that I wanted him (Almonte) to let him pass. To that he replied: 'It all depends upon what General Santa Anna says, I have to obey his orders.'

Old Whip was tied to a China tree in the back yard and quickly noting his excellence, Almonte immediately took him into his possession. Jack was riding Quick-silver and when

he came in, Almonte captured both rider and horse, and took both horses and the boy away with them."

I don't know why we did not move our herd on towards Louisiana, unless it was because we were all well mounted and felt able to out run any Mexicans, who sought to molest us. As it was, we stayed there until we heard the roar of the canon and less distinctly, the report of small arms at the battle of San Jacinto.

Uncle Adam (Mr. Stafford), was not in the army because he was one-armed and could not handle a rifle expertly. William Dwyer, his nephew, and myself insisted on going to take a part in the battle, as soon as, we heard the firing begin. Although neither of us was over thirteen years of age. Not knowing my uncle (Jim Wells) was a scout, I thought it would be grand to fight by his side. But Uncle Adam, placed a pre-emptory veto on such foolishness by giving his nephew a few raps across the shoulders with a stake-rope. That quieted his ardor, and for lack of company, my own quickly cooled.

While the battle was in progress, we helped to get the horses on a raft, in order, to put them across the San Jacinto. Having crossed that stream, we drove our herd on to the Trinity

River. While there, a messenger, Mr. McDermick, sent to carry the good tidings east, told us that the Mexican army was all killed, General Houston wounded and Santa Anna was a prisoner. This intelligence, of course, ended our part of the Run-a-way Scrape."

Old Whip and Quick-Silver

Mr. Billy Vince owned a couple of the best horses in the United States. He bought them in Saint Louis, Missouri, and called one Old-Whip and the other Quick-silver. Old Whip was a large black horse and Quick-silver was a fine race mare. She was used to capture wild mustang.

During the battle of San Jacinto, a man named George Roberts, saw Old Whip and recognized him, he took it for granted that the rider was Santa Anna. When Santa Anna saw the battle was lost he took flight. Roberts set out in swift pursuit of him, and as his mount was a blooded race mare, he gained on him for a while, Old Whip, though, had the better bottom and after a mile or two, Roberts abandoned the chase.

Old Whip, had been run over that bridge at full speed, a thousand times. Neither he nor his rider knew that it was gone, until it

was too late to come to a halt. He tried to jump it. He cleared the water but landed in a bog. Santa Anna, unable to extricate his mount could do nothing but to hide in the tall grass, from his immediate pursuers. The next day he was captured—the burning of Vince's bridge closed the war, for had it spanned the river Old Whip would have carried Santa Anna to his army at Richmond. The next day, however, Old Whip was taken from the bog and restored to his owner, Billy Vince.

And doubtless, the happiest boy in Texas, on April 21, 1836 was Jack Vince; for when the victory was won by the Texans, Jack was free to go home.

Back To Our Homes

We hurried back to our homes to plant our crops. We did not go across the battle field, but we saw many corpses of Mexicans along the road which we traveled. They had been killed in an attempt to get across Vinces's bridge and make their escape. We took dinner, that day, at Mr. Vince's. We hobbled our horses out to graze. After dinner, when I went out to catch my horse, I found him feeding near a bunch of senna weeds and as I stooped down to unhobble him, I saw a few feet away,

the body of a dead Mexican, hidden in the weeds. It was dressed in uniform, and on its heels were Mexican spurs with gold trimmings. I wanted those spurs as much as ever a boy wanted any thing, but I did not dare take them from a fast decaying corpse. Instead of taking them I mounted my horse, in a hurry and galloped fast away from the gruesome sight.

That evening, we reached Stafford's Point and home, but my folks had not yet arrived, and did not for nearly a month; so I stayed with Uncle Adam Stafford, and went home daily to see about things. These were pretty badly wrecked. A desk, in which my father had left a number of valuable surgical instruments and quite a number of books, had been broken open and its contents scattered over the floor or carried away. But a history of the United States, the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, and six volumes of Josephus, were left in fairly good condition and I spent many an hour, that would have otherwise been wholly unemployed, in reading them.

The people were all summer getting back to their homes, indeed some of them never returned to the places they had left, but settled down at Stafford's Point and else-where.

The First Presidential Inaugurations.

We were living at Bray's Bayou, when I attended Houston's first inauguration. I remember, it was a very muddy day, Houston came to the capital city, riding on horse-back. He was escorted by his valet, Esau, a bright mulatto slave, and a crowd of citizens who had gone out to meet him. As they rode through the city, it was raining, but Houston took his hat off and bowed to all the people. When they reached the Capitol, Houston dismounted, Esau took his horse and Houston entered the building, and upon reaching the veranda, on the second floor, he delivered his Inaugural Address. Owing to the bad weather, no women and children were there.

Since I was my father's only son, I was allowed to go to anything of note; so I attended Lamar's inauguration. He too, came to the Capitol riding horse-back. His inauguration was very similar to Houston's, only it did not rain that day.

Houston Named as the Capitol of the Texas Republic

In the fall of 1835, the elected members of the Texas Congress, met at Columbia, on the Brazos. One of their first acts, was to name

Houston as the Capital of the Republic. Harrisburg, was much preferred, on account of its deep water facilities, but the location chosen there was owned by William P. Harris, Robert Wilson and the estate of John R. Harris, in undivided interest, and the title from the estate could not be easily secured; because of this fact, Houston was chosen.

Among the general laws enacted, by that Congress was one requiring all persons, who had been living together, as husband and wife, to marry according to the form of law. The Mexican Government did not recognize marriages, solemnized by Protestant ministers, declaring as legal, only marriages before Catholic priests and alcaldes. For a long time the alcaldes had been few and far between, and, as for the priests, they seldom came further east than San Antonio and Victoria. It, therefore, became the custom to marry by bond, signed by both contracting parties, in which, it was agreed, that when a priest came along the ceremony would be performed. Later on, a Catholic priest named Maldoon, established his headquarters at San Antonio and made periodical visits to the east, for the purpose of performing marriage ceremonies. A great many couples availed themselves of his services; but in the

first days of the Republic, there was quite a number who had not, and were yet, living together under bond, not even having gone before an alcalde. A law was made by the Lone Star Republic, requiring such couples to be married according to the law.

Our Home Near Houston and Some Prominent Texans

Father located our legal land on Bray's bayou, five miles south of Houston. We moved there in the fall of 1837. Our house was located on a public road which connected Houston, Columbia and Brazoria; so we became acquainted with most all of the leading men of Texas.

While living there I met Henry Smith, who was the first Provisional Governor of Texas.



It was he who pulled a button from off his coat, to make the design of the five pointed star, on our state seal. I saw him make it.

I met Willard Richardson, who was the first editor of the Galveston News. He was an Englishman and lived in Houston, but later, moved to Galveston, and began to publish the Galves-

ton News. He also printed almanacs for Texas.

It was in 1834, that I first saw William B. Travis who was later killed in the Siege of the Alamo, but he was then a young lawyer.

A dispute had arisen over the ownership of certain calves, that had been found following cows, in a different mark and brand from their own, and Travis appeared at the trial, which was held in front of my father's house. He was an attorney, for one or the other litigants. A large crowd of people came to hear the proceedings, but as I recollect the matter, there was no trial, the case being compromised. By the time this was done and complete peace was restored, it was too late for many people to return to their homes, and the question arose: "How shall we spend the time?"

Our house was a large, two-story, hewn-log house, and the young folks insisted on dancing but my mother was a good Methodist lady and as there was a Baptist preacher present—the Rev. John Woodruff, she vetoed the dancing, saying: "We can dance as often as we please, but I have not heard a sermon since we left Saint Louis, and if Brother Woodruff will officiate, we will have preaching instead of dancing." We had the preaching, but without any Bible to preach from. Mr. Woodruff had none

with him, and in the ship-wreck we had suffered on the way to Texas, Mother had lost her own. I suppose a sermon with no Bible in sight did not comply with Mother's sense of fitness; for when the preaching was over, she said, if she ever got another Bible and had to move again, she would carry it in her apron pocket.

Hearing this remark, Travis immediately promised, that when he went to San Felipe, he would buy a Bible, if one was to be had, and send it to her as a present, but the present never came. Either Travis forgot his promise, or, no Bible was for sale.

While visiting Joe Wells, in Houston, I called on Mrs. Jones, the widow of President Anson Jones.

Mrs. Jones was an old time friend of our family and previous to her own marriage, she was Maid of Honor, at the wedding of my sister, Dilue and Ira Harris.

When the time of my departure arrived, Mrs. Jones accompanied me to the gate and about the last thing she said to me was: "Well, Granville, I am about the last relic of the Texas Republic."

How I Met General Houston

The first time I ever saw General Houston, was in the fall of 1836. My father and I were

walking down one of the streets of Houston one day and met him. I thought he was one of the finest looking men I had ever seen. I asked Father who he was. He replied: "That is General Houston." He and Father were warm friends and while they chatted together, I took a good look at the old hero. He was something over six feet in height, and although, carrying no surplus flesh, he weighed fully two-hundred pounds. In form he was as straight as an Indian, and his step was as light as that of a girl of sixteen. He wore a low-crown broad brimmed, white hat and I think, a vest made of the skin of a leopard cat. I often saw him wear it. I thought it was the prettiest vest I had ever seen.

I met General Houston, next at a ball in February 1837, given to celebrate Washington's birthday.

It was the first grand function, in the way of a ball, that was ever given in Houston. Our whole family was in attendance. The dancing was going on, at a great rate, when Colonel Moseley Baker, advancing to the center of the hall, stamped loudly on the floor. Everybody



General Sam Houston

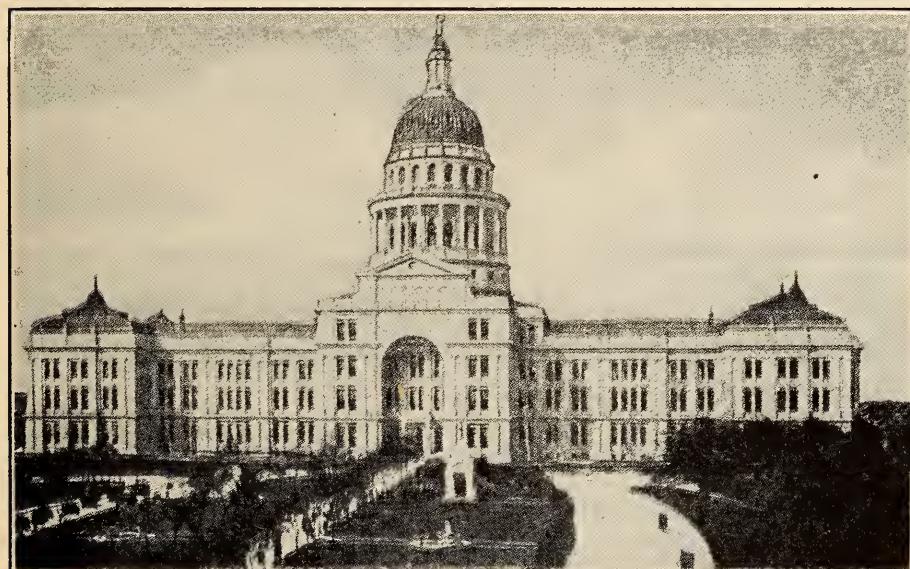
came to a halt, and for a moment the music stopped. Then the fiddlers began to play the old tune: "Will you come to the bower?" which was being played at the time Houston gave the order at San Jacinto, to advance against the Mexican army. Then President Houston and Colonel Hockley, arm in arm, and all the cabinet officers, each man's hair powdered, as was the fashion then, came marching into the hall. When all had filed in, President Houston, separated himself from the others and moving around the room, shook hands with and had a word or two to say to every man, woman and child in the room.

He never forgot any one he met, he always knew them again at sight, and always shook hands with every body. When his hand-shaking was finished, Houston sat down and the band began playing another tune, and the dancing began again.

After that, I met President Houston quite often. Once I met him at a wedding. It was that, of a young man, Nimrod Hunt, with a lady, whose name I cannot now, recall.

My sister, Dilue, was Maid of Honor, and President Houston was the Best Man, and in the dance that followed, he danced the first set with my sister.

I had many dealing with President Houston and I always found him fair minded and honorable. In wisdom, I am confident he was the superior of any of his contemporaries in Texas. The last time we met, was at the beginning of the Civil War, just after he had resigned as Governor of Texas. His health was then quite feeble and his voice weak.



State Capitol at Austin

Houston's Scouts

I have often wondered, why so little mention is made in history of the men other than Deaf Smith, who acted as scouts for General Houston.

Among these, were my uncle, Jim Wells, Wash Secrest, and Church Fulcher.

Jim Wells was one of the first settlers in Houston and lived there until he died. Uncle Jim, was fond of telling what happened during the war with the Mexican. Among other things he said: "One night, while out scouting, we crawled up close to the Mexican pickets, while Santa Anna was camped near Stafford's Point, and a Mexican picket was killed. That was the cause of Mr. Stafford's buildings being burned."

In his early days, Wash Secrest, led a rather wild life; but later, he sobered down and married a good wife, reared a family, united with the Methodist church and became one of its props in Texas.

Church Fulcher came of a fine family, and settled on the east side of the Brazos River, between Stafford's Point and San Felipe, at the place now known as Fulcher.

When Santa Anna camped at Richmond, he had his main army with him, but must have learned of Houston's condition through tories (people who remained at home during the Run-a-way Scrape) that General Houston's army had dwindled down to about six hundred men. Santa Anna then divided his army, leaving a

part of it at Richmond and saying to the tories, that he intended to make coffee with water from the Sabine River before he returned. Then, with his chosen division, he crossed the Brazos River at Richmond, in pursuit of General Houston's army, which was then camped at widow Burnet's. On the night of April 20th. Houston was informed of Santa Anna's movements, by these scouts. On the morning of April 21st. to the surprise of his men, he turned to meet the foe.

The Drummer Boy of San Jacinto.

It has been said that no martial music cheered the little band of Texans, at the battle of San Jacinto, but there was music, just as sure as there was a battle; for Lucius Hibbard was the drummer boy, and lived with me after the war was over, and I know they played: "Will you, will you, come to the bower, that I have shaded for you?"

General Lawrence De Zavala

Mirabeau B. Lamar, in his inaugural address, refers to his friend, Lawrence De Zavala, in these words:

"Gentlemen: I should be doing injustice to my own feelings were I to resume my seat with-

out paying to my predecessor in office that tribute of respect to which he is entitled by his public, as well as his private virtues. Through the period of his long life, the ex-vice-president, General De Zavala, has been the unwavering and consistent friend of liberal principles and of free government.

Among the first movers of the Revolution, he has never departed from the pure and sacred principles upon which it was originally founded. This steady and unyielding devotion to the holy cause of liberty has been amply rewarded by the confidence of the virtuous portion of two republics.

The gentleman, the scholar, and patriot, he goes into retirement with the undivided affection of his fellow citizens: and I know gentlemen, that I only express your own feelings when I say that it is the wish of every member of this assembly that the evening of his days may be as tranquil and happy as the meridian of his life has been useful and honorable."

General Lawrence De Zavala's Family

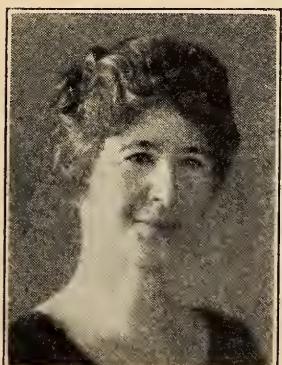
It was said by Miss F. W. McAllister: "Each great Texan achieved in his own line, and Lawrence De Zavala's field of achievement was the alleviation of suffering, the uplift and



Gen. Lawrence De Zavala



Mrs. Lawrence De Zavala



Miss Adina De Zavala

awakening of his fellow-men, in educating them and otherwise serving and ministering to them. He started and put into successful operation the first system of free primary schools, if not in the United States and America, at least, the first in America this side of the Alleghanies."

His wife, Mrs. De Zavala, gave up her home to the sick and wounded soldiers after the battle of San Jacinto, and in order to be near at hand to minister to them, she camped in the field with her three small children.

Miss Adina De Zavala, the grand daughter of General Lawrence De Zavala, is well known and admired throughout the state as a woman whose superior executive ability, fearlessness and fairness of principle is universally admitted. She is a great student

and a writer on historical subjects relating to Texas.



Miss Mary De Zavala

Her sister, Mary De Zavala's war record is very interesting. She helped care for the sick soldiers and assisted many mothers and sisters at the bed-side of their loved ones during the epidemic of Influenza at San Antonio, Texas, during the World War.

OFFICIAL BANNERS ADOPTED BY THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.

THE LONE STAR FLAG OF TEXAS

By Adina De Zavala.

There were numbers of flags in use, in Texas, by the different companies of men who were fighting the battles of Texas for independence, but none of these were official flags of the Republic, nor authorized by the existing government. There were three flags seemingly adopted by the Republic of Texas during

its existence, by four acts or parts of acts; but two of these or sections of acts were probably invalid, leaving but two flags legally adopted.



The first official flag was adopted shortly after the birth of the Republic, on March 11, at Washington on-the-Brazos. It was the flag of the single star, the flag as we know it today, according to the testi-

mony of many old settlers, among whom were *

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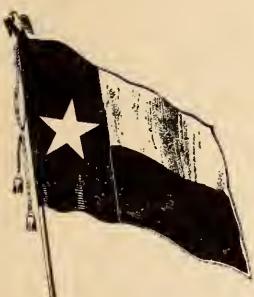
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ADVERTISEMENT IN THE HOUSTON

" The first 'LONE STAR FLAG' was presented to President Zavala. It was taken to the Republic on the 1st of January, 1863, by the late William G. Miller, who was then in command of the Texan forces. If any one is in possession of this flag, it is requested to deliver it to the old veterans.

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* Peter Jefferson Duncan, a cultured and fine gentleman, who took part in the Capture of San Antonio, in 1835, and the Battle of San Jacinto, in 1836.

history of the Texas flag, and to the fact that it was designed by her husband. (* 2)

DAILY TIMES, APRIL 16, 1869.

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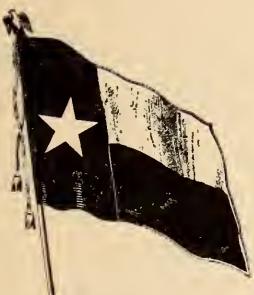
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On March 3, the day after Texas declared her independence, on motion of Mr. Thomas G. Gazley, five delegates to the convention of all Texas were appointed "to draft a suitable flag for the Republic of Texas."

The gentlemen appointed were Messrs. Thomas G. Gazley, Lawrence De Zavala, W. B. Scates, S. C. Robertson, and Thomas Barnett. The President, Mr. Richard Ellis was added by request.

When the drafts were brought in and submitted, after due deliberation, the draft and design of General Lawrence De Zavala, was the one accepted and adopted as the national flag of the Republic of Texas.

The records of this convention were long lost, and that Texas found her constitution in a round about way, is possibly known, even now, by only a few students of Texas history.

During the sitting of the Convention the country was greatly excited and filled with gloomy apprehension. When the Convention adjourned, Santa Anna was reported to be rapidly approaching; Houston's army had been several days in retreat; and the "Runaway Scrape" had begun. The march of the invading Mexican Army was every where preceded by the flight of the entire population. The roads were strewn with house-hold belongings. Old men, women, and children suffered tortures, mental and physical, and many sickened and died.

Some of the members of the Convention hastened to join the army, and others hurried to the rescue of their families, but President Burnet, and other needed officers, remained in Washington three days after the adjournment, working night and day to meet the exigencies of the situation.

Before leaving Washington, the President issued a proclamation stating that the new government would be organized at Harrisburg, on Buffalo Bayou. The President announced, also, that the enemies advance had no influence in this selection of a capital, as he had, previous to the election, urged the eligibility of Harrisburg over the more distant town of Washington.

At the time President Burnet left Washington there was but one family in the city—that of the hotel keeper, Mr. Lott; and indeed, nearly the whole population of Texas had by this time flown to the east of the Brazos River.

When it became known that the Mexican army had crossed the Brazos River, and that the Texan Army, under Houston, was retreating towards the Sabine, it was deemed advisable for the members of the cabinet to run no unnecessary risks of capture; so they went on board a schooner which conveyed them to new Washington. They were nearly captured by a detachment of the Mexican Army who appeared on the scene and attempted to lasso them while in a small boat pulling for the vessel which later conveyed them to Galveston Island.

With all minds in such a turmoil—no wonder

it was apparently forgotten that a national banner had been adopted. Very likely it was known only to those present at the voting during the convention, for the secretary of the convention Mr. H. S. Kimble, who was not a delegate, and not identified with the country, left for his home in the States carrying off all the papers and the minutes of the Convention. Those that were found and returned were not complete, and not in every respect the approved minutes, consequently, there are some errors. When one stops to think of the stress under which the men of that Convention were laboring, and the unavoidable strain upon the clerk at that trying and momentous period, one can excuse a few inaccuracies, and only wonder that there were not more.

As a further insight into the difficulties which beset the new government, it is said to be an historical fact that the Constitution of Texas, which was adopted on the 17th of March, was first published in a paper in Tennessee, reproduced by a paper in Ohio, and from the latter copied by The Texas Telegraph of August 3, 1836. This is the way Texas found her Constitution. This printed copy was recognized and adopted and thus became the "Constitution of The Texas Republic" adding another striking

evidence of the wonderful capacity of our Texas people for self-government, of their ability to establish order out of chaos and of their power to enforce law and order even amid the turmoil of revolution.

It was from these long lost minutes that the statements of old settlers were confirmed that the national flag of Texas was the design of General Lawrence De Zavala.

To one not knowing all of the facts, it might appear from these same recovered minutes, that on March 12th, on motion of Mr. W. B. Scates, "the rainbow and star of five points above the western horizon and the star of six points sinking below," were added to the national flag of De Zavala, "accepted on Friday last." Meaning that the five pointed star-Texas, was rising with the rain-bow of promise, and that Mexico—the six pointed star—was sinking below the horizon of influence in Texas.

This was a poetical idea, but not practical for use on a flag, and was not adopted. Old Texans have asserted that knowing the men of the Convention it was safe to assume that such a proposition could not have been adopted, but was merely a resolution introduced. In further proof that this motion could not have been

adopted, there is chronicled, also in these minutes, on the same day, immediately thereafter, the following resolution by Mr. Charles S. Taylor, "Resolved, that the word 'Texas' be placed one letter between each point of the star on the national flag." Thus proving that there was but a single star on the flag, and that this flag was the national flag. This resolution also failed of adoption, leaving the flag as it was designed by General Lawrence De Zavala, with no lettering to mar its pure face.

On the same day another resolution, which should be of great interest to Texans was introduced and adopted, as follows: (Resolved, That a single star of five points, either of gold or silver, be adopted as the peculiar emblem of this Republic, and that every officer and soldier of the Army, and members of this Convention, and all friends of Texas, be requested to wear it on their hats or bosoms.")

When President Burnet needed a flag for the Texas navy he devised one for the emergency, on April 9, 1836, while still at Harrisburg. At the first session of Congress this flag was approved and adopted, December 10, 1836, and continued to be used as a naval flag until January 25, 1839. Its conformation was union,

blue star central, thirteen stripes prolonged, alternate red and white. At this time, as a part of the same act a section was adopted creating another flag, forgetting, or likely, knowing nothing of the one adopted before the battle of San Jacinto. The conformation of this standard was to be "an azure ground with a large golden star central." This was evidently invalid.

In the Third Congress, William H. Wharton, by leave, introduced an act establishing the National Arms, Seal and Standard.

On January 4, 1839, Senator Oliver Jones, speaking for the committee, to whom was referred the act fixing the national arms, seal and standard, reported a substitute, which passed the Senate on suspension of the rules January 7, 1839, and was approved on the 25th day of the same month and year. The section referring to the standard was unnecessary, as Texas by a law which had not been abrogated, possessed the very flag it was then proposed to adopt. The flag is as follows: "a blue perpendicular stripe of the width of one-third of the whole length of the flag, and a white star of five points in the center thereof; and two horizontal stripes of equal length and breadth, the upper stripe of white, the lower red, of the length of

two-thirds of the length of the whole flag." This being the same design adopted by the Convention of all Texas, March 11, 1836. It is now the flag of the State of Texas, the Lone Star Flag, as we know it today.

THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA

By Dr. H. B. Withers

My uncle, Richard Bruce, fought in the Mexican War in 1845, in the Battle of Buena Vista, under command of General Zachary Taylor. General Taylor had twenty-two hundred men and Santa Anna had four thousand.

Uncle Richard said: "Santa Anna's army surrounded us for three days. We fought from day-light until it was too dark to see. While engaged in battle I had three horses shot from under me. Each time I ran to the first loose horse I could reach, mounted it and began fighting again. During the whole three days the only scratch I received was made by a bullet passing between my lips from one side, just

close enough to break the skin on both and make them bleed. The last night of that three days battle, we stood in our tracks all night in the rain, expecting to be massacred on the fourth day; but when it was again light enough to see, Santa Anna and his army were gone. They retreated during the night. The United States Army lost about six hundred men.

The Mexican women came and helped us to bury the dead.

You may wonder how any of us escaped alive after being surrounded three days and nights—fighting incessantly each day—but their crude manner of fighting will partly explain this. They used small Cannon, such as you see in the Alamo. These were tied on the backs of donkeys. When the Mexicans were ready to fire them, they turned the donkey's tails towards the Americans while one man held the donkey another touched the cannon off. Some of the balls over-shot the Americans, passing far beyond them; while others struck the ground before they reached them.

ERA IV.**ERA OF PIONEER DAYS****OVERLAND TO TEXAS**

By Mrs. L. B. Fatheree

My father, Frederick the Great White, and my mother, who before her marriage to my father, was Miss Sarah Griggs, moved from Tuscaloosa, Alabama, to Texas, in 1855.

They had a family of seven children. I was six years old but I well remember the trip. There were five ox wagons in the train. The settlers brought a few loose horses with them. There was only one buggy. Father and Mother and their baby child rode in it. It was drawn by a sorrel mule. All the other children rode in our ox wagon. We brought two negro slaves with us. We suffered many hardships; for nearly all of us were sick and two of Aunt Orlena Wimberly's children were taken sick and died, of putrid sore throat. They were buried at different towns on the road.

Building Our Homes

We arrived at Uncle John White's November 14, 1855. We stayed with them until Father

could get two rooms and a porch built. We then moved into our new home.

Father built our new home on the west side of the beautiful San Marcos River, four or five miles from Luling. He had the timber cut from the river valley, and hauled to the local toll mill where it was sawed into lumber. He paid the owner of the saw mill in toll lumber.

The house was built on the pioneer plan. The side walls were made of water elm, which made good lumber. The floors were made of hackberry lumber; these were the whitest, most beautiful floors I have ever seen. The shingles, called boards, were made of burr oak timber; it made beautiful white shingles that lasted for ages. When this was finished, father added another large room and a shed room, with a ten foot hall between and a long south porch. Later he added another large room; we then had three large rooms, and each had an old fashioned open fire-place.

The Drought

Father had no time to clear land for the next year's crop; so he had the prairie land plowed and planted. In 1856 crops were very good. Father paid ten dollars an acre to have some of the valley land cleared, but in 1857 it was so

dry the land could not be planted, and the settlers failed to make a crop. They took trains of ox wagons, drawn by eight yoke of oxen to each wagon and hauled our groceries from Port Lavaca.

Our meal was issued to us weekly at the water mill. This supply was limited and many times we were hungry. The beef was so poor when Mother boiled a large pot full of it, there was less than a spoonful of tallow on it.

The wild game wandered away to a better range. We kept a man hired to catch fish for us. Some of these cat-fish weighed more than fifty pounds. When the drought was broken cattle were soon fat. Crops were planted and the settlers became prosperous.

Civil War Days

My father was too old to go to the War between the States, but he served the South at home. The settlers raised their own wheat. Father made two threshers and the wheat crops were threshed in these home made threshers and ground at the water mill, where all of the grain was ground; cotton was ginned and lumber was sawed. Father made plow points and sharpened them for the settlers. He was shoemaker for the neighborhood. He made fine

shoes of kid-skin and work shoes of calf-skin. Shoes for the slaves were made from heavier leather. This leather was prepared at the local tannery. The work was done by the slaves. A man named Addison Johnson supervised the work.

Woman's Work In Grandmother's Days

My mother had no house servants; so, she and we children, had plenty to do keeping our



The Iron Oven and Skillet Used. A Grist Mill Turned by Hand to Grind Grain for Bread

home. We did all our cooking on our open fire places. We baked our bread, potatoes, cakes and roast meats in iron ovens covered with iron lids. We had long handled iron skillets in which we fried our food. We used large iron dinner pots for boiling meats and vegetables.

We had two ash-hoppers in which we dripped

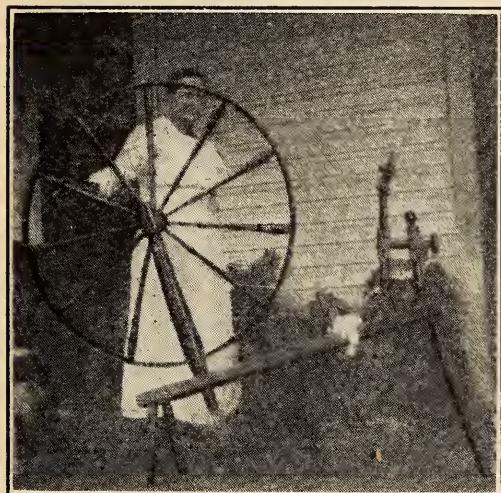
lye, and each autumn mother made one or two barrels of soft soap, that supplied us for laundry use and house cleaning the whole year. When she had finished making soft soap for laundry purposes, she then put about one pint of salt, to ten pounds of soap; in cooking it this hardened the soap. It was boiled again and poured into vessels to cool. It was then cut into squares and used for all toilet purposes.

Lye Hominy

After the toilet soap was made Mother usually said: "Pour a couple of buckets of water on the hopper and we will make hominy." The lye was then not as strong as at the beginning of soap making. We had a ten gallon pot, which we put in a fire-place, poured the lye in it and filled it with shelled corn. White grains were used for this purpose. This corn was boiled about one hour then poured into a basket and rinsed until the lye was washed out; then put in clear water and rubbed with our hand, to separate the husks from the grains. This was easily done. The corn was then put in the pot and boiled again, until the grains had burst into snowy white balls. Each day's supply was seasoned by adding a cup of butter to each gallon of hominy. It was served eith-

er cold or hot. Ten gallons usually supplied us some two or three days, as there were thirteen white folks and two negro slaves to be fed at our house.

Spinning and Weaving

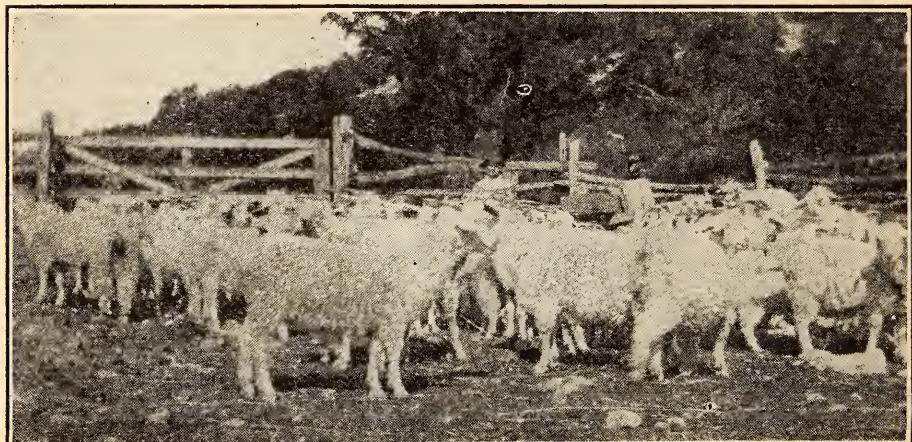


Mother kept her loom in the hall and during the warm weather she wove all the cloth used in our home. We had three spinning wheels and three fire-places; so we carded and

spun thread enough in winter to make both cotton and woolen cloth enough to do us a year. If this supply of thread was exhausted before the ginning season opened, we finger picked the cotton we used until the gins began operating.

Some of the neighbors kept sheep and goats and we bought the wool as it was sheared from the sheep. We washed and bleached it, then carded and spun it into thread. Some of this thread was woven into cloth and some of it was knitting thread. If we wanted colored

cloth, we dyed the thread with home made dyes. We sat up late at night and knitted for



the family and for the soldiers. We girls earned our spending money by knitting gloves and socks at night and selling them.

LIFE IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS SWEET HOME

By Mrs. J. Clifton

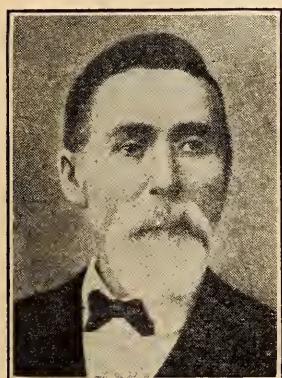
I was quite a young lady when the Civil War broke out, in 1861. When war was declared, volunteers were called for but we did not get the daily papers at Sweet Home, then; so a barbecue was usually given at some convenient place and every body was invited to attend. A recruiting officer generally made a speech

and ended it by saying: "Now all of you who have any sand in your craws, step out here." At this invitation many of the young men who were from the best families in the South, gave up all and volunteered for service.

I remember one young volunteer, Leroy Watson, who was about twenty-five years of age. He owned a fine black land farm and about twenty-five negro slaves, but when the call was made, he saddled his own horse, joined the Terry Rangers and rode away.

Once, in Tennessee, when the cavalry made a charge and fell back according to orders, Leroy refused to come back and rushed on, thus ending his life. Later his friends received the message saying: "Leroy Watson, fell in action."

Sibley's Brigade



Job Clifton

My husband, Job Clifton, was twenty-three years old when he volunteered. His Captain's name was Nix. He was in Sibley's Brigade. He was in the cavalry with Sibley's Brigade on the Santa Fe Expedition and went all through Arizona with them.

Their provisions were carried in ox wagons

and when an ox was too poor and tired to travel he was butchered, put into a kettle and boiled all night, in order to be tender enough to eat. There was always a scramble for the liver, as that was the only tender part of a poor beef.

They suffered such privations that he said: "If ever I have to go through Arizona again, I hope it will be at night; for I never want to see it again." He was captured at Santa Fe and was taken prisoner but was too sick to walk.

The General's wife kindly administered to all of the sick prisoners. She cooked suitable food for them and did many charitable deeds for them.

When the Confederates retreated; they were unable to take the sick, so they left them.

The Northern Army captured them, but took good care of them and, as soon as they were able to walk, they were marched on foot to Fort Leavensworth. They were kept there for a time and then sent to Chicago, to what was called the "Bull Pen."

Life, there, was very hard and my husband was sick all the time. But finally these prisoners were exchanged. He was so weak he could not walk to the boat at Vicksburg, but

the other prisoners kindly helped him along. When they were taken on boat a Southern General, (name unknown) came by and seeing his condition asked him the cause of his weakness and having been told of his suffering and the name of the commander under whom he had served, the General gave him thirty dollars which enabled him to reach the command.

The Menger Hotel

When these men which belonged to Sibley's Brigade, returned from the Santa Fe Expedition to San Antonio, they were so bare for clothing that they hid in the brush near the Menger Hotel, which was then surrounded by mesquite trees. They donated clothing and dressed one boy as well as they could, and sent him to Sweet Home, to report their condition to the home-folks. The neighbors sent them abundant supplies and tried to ship supplies to Louisiana for them until the close of the war.

After leaving San Antonio, they went to Louisiana where they remained until the close of the war.

Old Lige

My husband, Job Clifton, was in many skirmishes, but never liked to talk about the war. He said it was too awful to talk about, but he told me this about his horse, Old Lige: "During one of the battles in Louisiana, there were two Clark brothers from Lockhart, Texas. One of these boys, John, was shot in the hip. I took him on my shoulder and ran with him. The bullets were flying thick and fast. He said 'Job, put me down.' I ran to a swale, a kind of ditch, put him in it and covered him with brush to hide him from General Bank's army. I then ran to my horse, Old Lige, jumped on him and said: 'Save me Lige.' He just flew from there, the bullets flying everywhere but we finally reached the retreating command safely.

General Bank's army captured John Clark but took him to the hospital, amputated his leg and treated him kindly."

When General Green fell in action Mr. Clifton was standing near and saw him fall.

The horse, Old Lige, was Mr. Clifton's own horse he had received from home. And when the war closed he rode the horse home and would have kept him as long as he lived, but one night while staked, he was stolen, and his whereabouts was never known.

Home Made Articles

These boys who fought in the Confederate Army, had to furnish their own equipment; therefore, the Southern women were kept busy carding, spinning, knitting, weaving and sewing garments for their families and the soldiers. We usually met at some neighbor's house and



Two Pioneer Women

picked the seed out of the cotton by hand. The one who had the largest pile of seed at the close of the day, was given some little prize. It was usually a box of home-made candy. After the cotton seed were picked from the cotton, the lint was washed with warm soapy water and

dried without wringing. This process gave it a gum elastic effect which made stronger better thread.

Next, some lady in the neighborhood would give a Spinning Bee. We met at her house and spun the cotton into thread. We carded and spun, both wool and cotton. After the raw material was made into thread, we met at some neighbor's house who had a loom and wove cloth for the soldiers.

I could weave eight or nine yeards of cotton goods a day and from one and a fourth to one and a half yards of Kentucky Jeans. I have woven water-proof woolen blankets that weighed eight or nine pounds, these were for the soldiers. We also knitted gloves, socks, helmets and nubias. The cloth was made into clothes and all were shipped to headquarters for distribution to the soldiers.

Home-Made Dyes

We made all of our dyes. To make red and pink dyes we boiled prickley pear apples; for green dyes we used peach tree bark and leaves and alum was used to set the color. For brown dyes we used pecan leaves, bark and buds. The color was set with coperas. From hickory bark, leaves and buds, we made a beautiful golden

brown dye, and the color set with coperas. In order to produce a clouded effect, the threads were plaited before dyeing.

Many beautiful blankets, hoods, nubias and other clothing were colored with these dyes.

Home-Made Blueing

During the Civil War we made our own blueing. The men took the wagons to the woods and hauled wagon loads of indigo weeds home, put it into barrels, bruised it well by pounding it with a heavy, wooden pestle, then let set all night. The next morning they drew the water off into another barrel and churned it with a basket. This churning process caused a white foam to rise and when it had risen to the top of the barrel, they rubbed a little lard on their hands and passed them lightly across the foam. This caused it to fall. They then churned it again with the basket. This was repeated several times and then it was allowed to settle. After settling the water was drawn off and when the indigo, which remained in the bottom of the barrel had begun to dry and become hard it was cut into small blocks and taken out of the barrel. This blueing was then stored for use,

When we wished to use it, we took a small piece of it and tied it in a piece of white cloth and used it as we do commercial bag-blueing today.

Home-Made Straw Bonnets

We went into the fields and gathered the longest straws we could find, bound them in bundles, then scalded them to make them pliant and unbreakable. We wove them in the loom as we did cloth. We lined them with white material, pink chambry, or any thing we happened to have. Some times they were trimmed with a kind of woolen veiling called barege.

Barege was used mostly for veils, but sometimes it was used for dresses. It resembled georgette crepe, but was of a coarser weave.

Making Cheese

We made our own cheese-press by using a round wooden rim of a large seive; such as we used for sifting meal and flour. We took fresh sweet milk, strained it into large pans and put a piece of rennet into it. This caused it to form a curd and separate it from the whey. A piece of cheese-cloth was put over the cheese-press and the curd was placed in it. A flat board

was put under the press and the curd was well wrapped in the cloth; then another flat board was placed above the press and weights were placed upon it. It was then turned up side down and trimmed off smooth and the weights changed to the other side, and in about three days it was taken out and the cover, rubbed with butter and meal was sifted on it to keep it soft.

Riding Horse-Back

Women did not ride astride in those days. We rode side-saddles and wore long riding skirts, that almost touched the ground. The



As We Rode in the Good Old Days

buttons were made of gourd rinds, cut about the size of a half dollar, some of them were made as large as a dollar. They were covered with cloth and sewed on so as to almost touch each other.

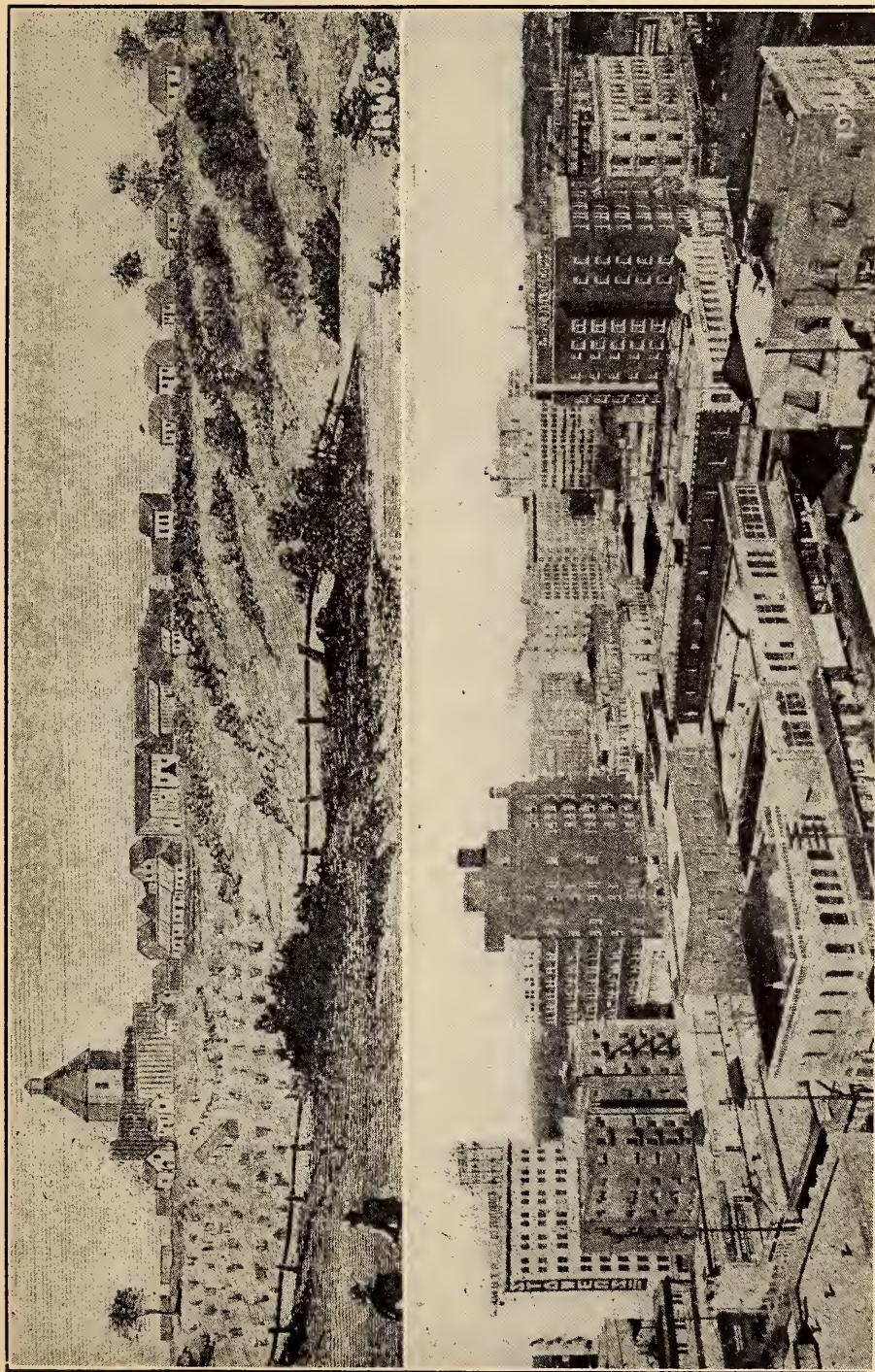
Josiah Clifton, came from Wales, the family settled in Virginia, moved from there to Kentucky, then to Illinois, from there to Texas. Job Clifton was about eighteen years old when his father, Josiah Clifton, moved to Texas and settled at Sweet Home, in Lavaca County. Job enlisted in service of the Civil War and served until its close.



Two years after his return from the war he was married to Miss Sallie O'boyle, who came to Texas from Ireland, when she was two years old. They reared and educated eight children, who are now prominent Texans.

Mrs. J. E. King

Their daughter, Sank—Mrs. J. E. King—was the first woman to serve her State as Chairman of the Advisory Board of Texas Prisons.



San Antonio Then and Now

EARLY DAYS IN SAN ANTONIO

By Mrs. Emily Brackett King

You want to hear about the days of long ago? It has all been told in wonderful books of history and romance—I can but add a personal touch that you may treasure. It cannot be great or exciting, as my part in life was a home-maker, and I just touched the skirts of great events and saw the heroes passing along, as quietly as you watch a moving picture.

Came Down the Mississippi River

We were more than three weeks coming down the Mississippi River to New Orleans. I do not remember much, except sand-bars and dark wood-land.

From New Orleans we came to Galveston and then to De Crow's Point, on Matagorda Bay. Our next stop was at La Vaca, where we boarded with a woman who had once been a captive among the Indians. We thought this wonderful, but it filled us with awe and apprehension.

While at Lavaca, a ball was given by the citizens, and Mr. "Limpy" Brown came with his charming wife from Victoria, Texas; where Mr. Brown had a hotel and a livery stable. The

Browns traveled in a fine ambulance, and Mr. Brown agreed to return from Victoria and take us to San Antonio. (This ambulance was a pioneer carriage.)

Mr. Brown was called "Limpy" because he limped, having been wounded in an Indian fight. He told us some hair-raising Indian stories.

My father and Peter Gallagher, acted as out riders on our way to San Antonio. I hid my head in Mother's lap most of the way because Mr. Brown would tease and yell: "Indians! Indian! Here they come! Look out!" Every leaf that stirred seemed to be a lurking Indian, although, in after years I saw many Indians they filled me with fear. We reached San Antonio without any excitement and, as soon as I felt safe in the small Mexican village, I asked: "Where are the pavements?" Mr. Gallagher laughed and mother said: "Emily likes style and order."

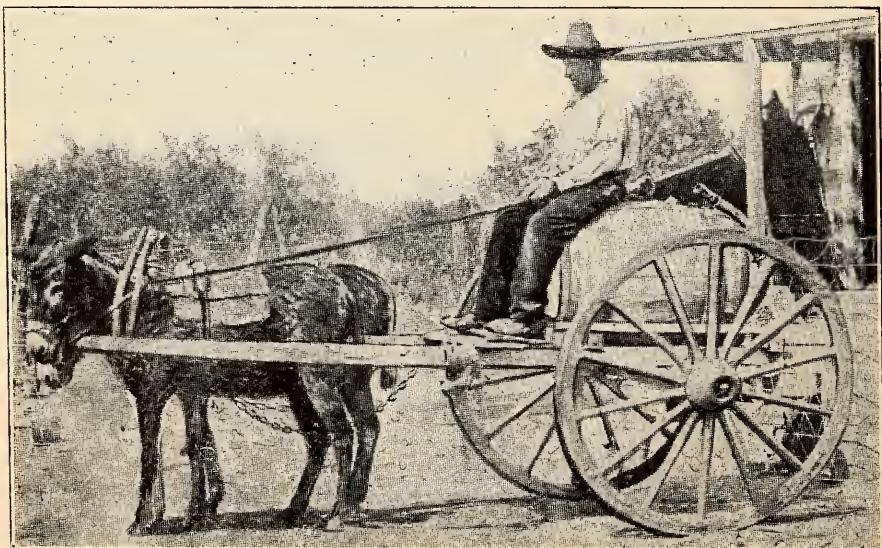
We boarded at Anton Lockmar's in the old Navarro house, on the corner of Commerce and Flores Streets. When my mother went house hunting she did not have far to go, houses were scarce.

We secured part of the Trevino house where the Frost Bank now stands. Mrs. Trevino

moved her apartments to Trevino Street facing the cathedral, while we faced Military Plaza. My father opened up a general merchandise store in the corner room and I remember that he had in stock, fine silks and handsome shawls.

We Played As Children Do Now.

The patio was our play ground but the big arroya (river) in front of the house was "a joy forever" but was too deep for wading. We jumped rope and played hide and seek, just as children do now. Every body lived in-doors and we could not go off of the Plaza for fear of the Indains. They often came in to trade and some times galloped away with a child.



A Mexican Water Cart—A Familiar Scene in Texas Pioneer Days

We learned to speak Spanish and mingled with the native-descendants of the original colonists from the Canary Islands. They had their Spanish graces and we had our Anglo Saxon rules, but we became fast friends and true.

The City Was Wide Awaks

We came in less troublesome times, as Texas was now a part of the Union-1847. However, the pioneer suffers more or less hardships. The citizens of San Antonio were wide awake and building up trade with the United States and Mexico. My father made trips from New Orleans to Mexico City with merchandise and several times lost all he had from Indian raids.

Every one knew General Sam Houston, and some time in the sixties, we went to the Alamo to welcome him to our village.

About this time Van Ness, Van Ransalaers and Harper Brothers came from New York, with letters of introduction and were entertained by my mother.

At one party, Jack Hays had the only dress-suit. He would dance awhile and disappear. Another would take his place—then another—

while Hays made frantic efforts to regain his suit.

Jack Hays carved his name on Texas soil, and in the historical records of San Francisco, California.

San Antonio A Trading Center

There were stages north, south, east and west, from San Antonio and endless wagon trains and carts. Mules, oxen and horses were used and driven by picturesque teamsters, well armed on account of Indians.

The wagons and carts would start from Main Plaza, and arrive on Military and Main Plazas, where teamsters would dump their cargoes of hides, wool, cotton or other merchandise, upon the ground in front of a store and leave them there for several days.

Sometimes these caravans would start; with men singing and in high spirits and in a few days other travelers or merchants would report mangled bodies and scattered goods. The Indians were very troublesome near the city of Austin, and travelers were always glad to see the dome of San Antonio from afar.

All the streets were narrow and Houston street was a trail. The streets were all short to avoid Indian raids. The narrow streets are

an inheritance from Spain, also our plazas, our chile stands, our candy vendors and much else could be traced to Spanish and Moorish influences.

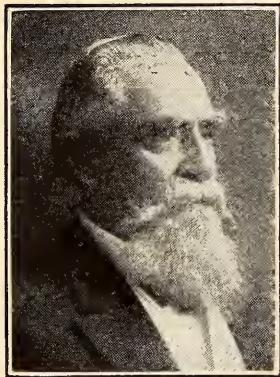
There were adobe houses and ox carts, and cattle trails. A Cosmopolitan population, that was about as law abiding as at the present time. Tragedies occurred as they do now, however, it is deplorable, so much is made of the dark spots and so little of the good deeds.

Many of the old Texans did not carry a gun, except when traveling upon horse-back and between settlements. The early Texans were for the most part of good blood and education.

An appreciation of the past is the best guarantee of the future. The names and faces of old settlers, are now carried by children and grand-children. May they be as faithful to their trusts as their fore-fathers.

THRILLING DAYS OF FRONTIER LIFE

By C. T. Smith



I was born in Franklinville Cataraugus County New York, October 14, 1843. At the age of seven, my family moved from Buffalo, New York, to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. We boarded the steamboat Henrik Hudson, which was caught in a storm on the return trip to Buffalo and sank in lake Michigan. We settled in Sparta, Wisconsin, but on account of the extremely cold winters there we emigrated to Texas, in 1857, where my father had bought several thousand acres of land, on the Nueces River, for two dollars an acre. We remained in San Antonio while my father and uncle, Mr. Abbey, after hiring guides and guards for protection against the Indains, went to the Nueces River to see their land. Finding nothing but hostile Indians, chaparral, Javelins (wild hogs) rattlesnakes and prickly pears, the latter as high as a house, my father became discouraged and returned to San Antonio, bought land in Atascosa County and settled there; but on ac-

count of drouth and hostile Indains, later moved back to San Antonio. In 1859, I hauled freight between San Antonio and Port Lavaca with ox teams, and later became a cowboy, going on several scouting expeditions with Captain "Bigfoot" Wallace. On one Indian raid we pursued the Indians so hotly that they killed a number of horses that were hard to drive, to keep the cowboys from roping them and having fresh mounts. The last raid made by the Indians in that country was, I think, in 1870. They killed a man about a mile from my place, just about dark, and watered their horses at a spring about three hundred yards from the house. We struck their trail the next morning, but could not overtake them.

The first railrooad I ever saw was when I was freighting with an ox team from San Antonio to Port Lavaca in 1859. The road was being built from Powderhorn (afterward called India nola) to Victoria. I was watching a flock of cranes across the track and decided to take a shot at them; so I stopped my team and began circling around them; but before I got to my team, I saw a work train coming; I hurried across the track, but found a deep ditch full of mud and water on the other side. The train was so close by this time I was scared and

with my gun in one hand and a crane in the other, I jumped waist deep into the mud and water while a burst of laughter from the train crew added to my confusion.

In 1859, I helped to cultivate the land that is now in the heart of the city of San Antonio, and for many years my family owned the land where the lower parade grounds of the Army Post are now located. We sold this land for a mere song, but who, at that time ever dreamed that San Antonio would become the magnificent city it now is and that land would become so very valuable?

GOING TO TEXAS

By Mrs. J. T. Clinkscales

My parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Preston Roland, moved from Mississippi to Texas in 1870. We were on the road to Texas, on my sixteenth birthday, in December 1869. We were six weeks making the trip.

We had two wagons drawn by one pair of mules each. We bought an old fashioned, two-horse barouoch (This was a kind of old fashioned carriage with two seats) but father was a carriage maker so he converted it into a one-

horse buggy and bought a large horse for it. The horse's name was Blucher. My mother rode in this vehicle and when we children were tired of riding in the wagon, we took turns riding with mother.

We came through the Indian territory. There we saw wigwams without either cloth or hides, but poles were fastened together and covered with brush. Even small children, from three to fourteen years old, had their bows and arrows.

One old chief and his squaw—she carrying her papoose strapped on her back, walked along by our wagon one whole day. They were going to a grocery store to get whiskey.

The man who owned the grocery told us to hurry on, that it was not safe to camp near there. We hurried on and about five miles from there we camped. We camped three nights in the Indian territory. One man was on duty each night, to watch for the Indians.

I remember, one night, in the Territory we camped in a cane-brake. The only way out of it was a wagon road which was cut through the cane. Night over-took us in that cane-brake and we camped in there. There were

six girls and three boys in our party. We put the large canes in the fire that night and at each joint it would burst. The reports sounded like the crack of a pistol. We did not allow any one to sleep, we were scaring the Indains away. There were many bears in the cane-brake, but the only wild animal we saw that night was an opossum.

After six long, weary weeks of travel, our journey was ended at Old Jim Town, Smith County, Texas. It was in the piney woods. We lived there two years and then moved to Bellview. I was one of the teachers in the Bellview school, and while living there, I was married to J. T. Clinkscales. On our bridal tour we went to visit his parents in Mississippi. We were gone three months and came back to Bellview, Texas, and lived there awhile, and then moved to Troup, Texas, where we bought a farm and reared a family of eight children.

ERA V.

LIFE ON A TEXAS RANCH

By Mrs. S. A. Lee

I was born September 13, 1861. I was the first girl child born in Guadalupe County, Texas, as before this time it had been a part of Bexar County. The settlement was then known as Free Timbers, Guadalupe County.

A few years later, my mother, who was Seletia West before her marriage to my father, A. M. Jackson died, leaving five children, Mollie, Lizzie, Susie, Brother Willie and me.

Some time later Father went to east Texas and married Mrs. Temperance Wallace Powell. They came home, and two of her sisters came with them. These young ladies lived with us, dividing their time, until they were married, with us and their brother, John Wallace of Sutherland Springs.

To Father and his last wife were born eight children, six surviving: Carrie, Mattie, Laura, Necy, Narcie and a boy Ancil.

In about 1866, my father and his second wife settled a new place, one and one-half miles north of what is now Stockdale, Texas.



Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Jackson

They had a two-room house built of pine lumber that was shiped from Florida and hauled in wagons from old Indianola, a distance of more than one hundred miles. Besides this large front room with a shed room and a south porch, they built about fifty feet away, another two-room house. This was built of post oak lumber. The largest of these rooms fifteen by twenty feet, was used for both a kitchen and a dining room. The smaller adjoining room was used for a smoke-house. In this was kept a year's supply of meat. About one hundred feet beyond the kitchen, a third two-room house was built; this house had a south porch and was made of post oak lumber. Father usually kept the large room of this house filled with un-ginned cotton; during the summer months, and we called it the cotton-house. During the winter months, it was often converted into a bed room for boys, but some times it was occupied by a family. About one hundred yards from these buildings was a group of corn cribs, in which the corn crops were stored. This plan of building was used by almost all pioneer settlers, to prevent a total loss by fire.

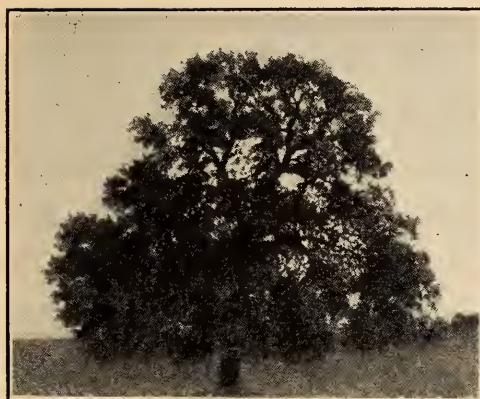
To children of today a two-room house may seem very small for a family of eleven children, but in my father's house, there was always room

for more. They never turned a traveler away and they gave a home to more than a score of people during their life at this place.

This residence was almost surrounded by trees; on the north and west by live oak trees; on the south, in front of the house were planted three English Mulberry trees. In a few years, these trees shaded the whole front yard. Mother was a great lover of flowers and with the help of the children, she had a very beautiful yard. In addition to the flower beds, she had roses, crepe-myrtles, lilac, salt-cedar, magnolia and many other old fashioned shrubs and trees.

How We Found A Bear

I remember once, Brother Willie, Sister Mollie and I were working in the field, about four hundred yards from the house. We had a jug of water sitting under a live oak tree. We went to the tree to get a drink and while we were standing there, we heard a piece of bark fall; in a moment another piece fell, and I said "Willie there must be a coon in that tree." We all looked up to see the coon and Mollie began running and screaming. Uncle Freeman Miers was working just across the fence in his own field.



He heard Mollie screaming and ran to us with his rifle. We said: "Uncle Freeman, what is that?" He said: "That is a black bear children, you must run." He shot

the bear and killed it; then took it to our house and skinned it, left us part of the meat and took some of it home. "It seems to me yet that it was the largest and fattest bear I ever saw and the best meat I ever ate."

Our First School

I was a pupil in the first school that was taught at Stockdale. My mother's brother, Martin S. West, was the first teacher.

The first teacher's examination was quite unique in character. A man on horse-back, sent from Austin, came to the settlement and asked: "What man here is best qualified to teach school?" Martin West was recommended and upon being told that Martin had gone to Wheeler's mill in an ox wagon to get a supply of meal for the neighborhood, he followed him and upon arriving at the mill, called for

Martin S. West. The two were soon seated on a log beyond the noise of the water-mill, and the verbal examination was given and as the result, a few weeks later he received a Fourth Grade Certificate, from Austin.

The school house was built of logs and had a dirt floor. The seats were made of slabs,



The Original Wheeler Mill

sawed from post oak logs at the community saw-mill. The flat side was held up by puncheon legs—two in each end. These seats had no backs to lean against, unless they could be placed against the wall. Some of the children's feet touched the floor and some dangled in the air. We had no desks, and studied Web-

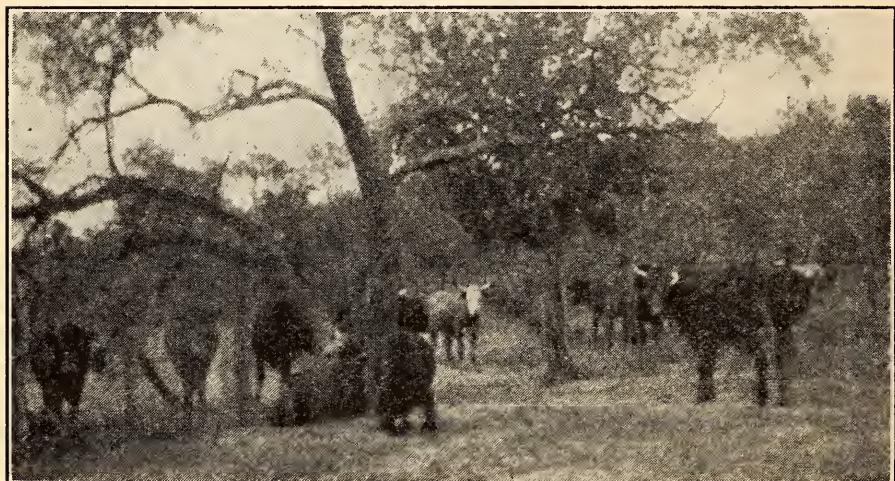
ster's Blue Back Speller. McGuffy's Readers and Davies' Arithmetic. Later on, our spelling matches were interesting features of entertainment. These were held at the school house one evening each week.

Our First Post Office

The settlement was called Free Timbers because on a large tract of land there the timber was free to all, and later, in order to get a post office where we could get our mail more often, an application was made for one; as we had no post office nearer than Sutherland Springs, which was six miles away.

The committee, composed of Doctor Batte J. Bunker, William Palm, Doctor Chew and Representative John R. King, and A. M. Jackson met to decide upon a name for the post office. It was a stock country and a very pretty dale and some, if not all, of the men were adherents to Lieutenant Governor Stockdale, and it was agreed to call the little hamlet, Stockdale, which was then in Wilson County. Hence, I lived in two counties and two towns without moving, and Father lived in two towns and three counties; as it was first Bexar County, then Guadalupe County and later Wilson County.

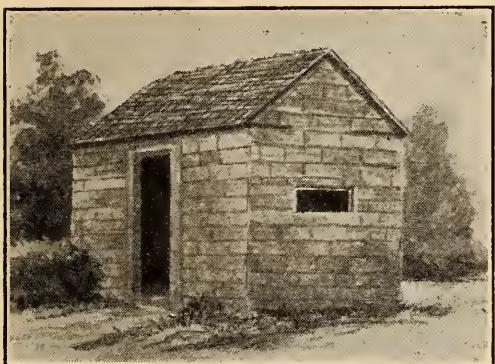
My father sent the first registered letter from Stockdale, he bought the first marriage license in Wilson County, and Grandfather, Solomon Jackson, who was a cousin to President Andrew Jackson, was the first white man buried in what is now known as Wilson County. He died of cholera and was buried at Sutherland Springs, Texas.



As They Ate From the Meadow and Drank From the Brooks

The Texas Long Horns

Father usually had fifty or sixty milch cows, They were Texas long-horns crossed with Durhams. Father was partial to the Durham stock of cattle. These cows had to be milked morning and evening. The milk was kept in a dairy, which was built near the well. It was made of



The Dairy

stone hauled from a quarry near by and had a trough inside, made of stone and cement. This trough was kept full of cool water, as ice could not be brought there at that time.

The neighbors who had no cows came to our cow pen morning and evening and milked all they wanted, and carried the milk home free of charge. This furnished them cream, milk and butter for their families.

Wild Days In Texas

Father's cattle ran on the range. The cows were out during the day; they ate from the meadows and drank from the brooks. They came home when the evening shadows were long. They were fed corn and cotton seed and were milked. The cows were penned at night and the calves were turned out on the range. When morning came, if any were missing at the pen, Father mounted his saddle horse and rounded them in. One morning Father came home from

a calf-hunt dragging a large deer tied to the horn of his saddle; this he had killed near the house. Almost every man there, at that time, wore pistols, hunting knives, leather leggins, boots and spurs; for game and snakes were plentiful.

I remember one day, Old Blue, one of our milch cows, came home in the evening with a large hole in her side. A panther had stuck its cruel claws in her side, ate of her living flesh and disappeared.

We children were very much distressed about Old Blue, for we played around those cows each day and had every one of the sixty named.

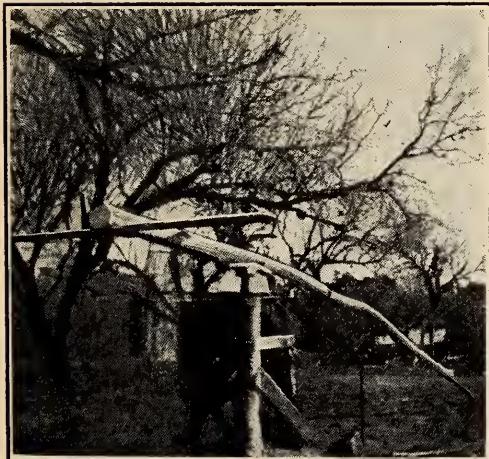
Ox-Wagon Days

One day when Mother wished to go to the store to buy supplies for the family, Father sent Jim Powell, a young man to drive the old gentle oxen to the wagon. Mother had about six children in the wagon, and all went well until they came to a dry creek in which there was a pool of water, about two hundred feet from the ford. The day was hot and the oxen were thirsty. They turned from the road and ran madly down the bed of the creek, bumping one side up, the other side down as the rough places were passed. Mother dropped one child

at a time out at the back of the wagon and then climbed out with her baby in her arms. The oxen refused to stop until they reached the water and drank. Jim, then succeeded in driving them back to the ford, and when Mother and the children were again in the wagon they went on their way without further trouble.

The Independence of Ranch Life

The Orchard



A Pioneer Molasses Mill

dance of fruit for the family. A small apiary of twenty or thirty hives of bees produced honey for the table and we sold a surplus of honey each year.

An orchard of about three acres was planted in fruit trees, such as peaches, plums, pears, June apples, figs, pomegranates and grapes. These furnished an abundance of fruit for the family. A small apiary of twenty or thirty hives of bees produced honey for the table and we sold a surplus of honey each year.

The Garden

Our garden was seldom without nice, fresh vegetables. In spring it was planted in cabbage, lettuce, carrots, beets, radishes, cucumbers, onions, okra, tomatoes, beans, peas etc. These supplied us with vegetables in spring and summer and in the fall another garden was planted. This planting consisted of such as winter beets, turnips, winter cabbage, lettuce, collards, onions, etc. The surplus vegetables were always fed to the stock. In summer, Mother made cucumber pickles, sauer kraut, preserves, jellies, jams and dried much fruit. Sorghum molasses was made in summer.

We raised several barrels of pop corn each year, also peanuts to eat and to feed the stock. We went to the woods and gathered hickory nuts and pecans—all we wanted, as there was no market for them.

After the evening meal was over and the long winter nights were on; while sitting around the bright crackling oak wood fire, we chatted as we ate roasted peanuts, pop corn, hickory nuts and pecans.

Besides the spring crop of Irish potatoes, which Father always planted about the first or middle of January. Later he planted some two or three acres in sweet potatoes—the yellow yam variety. This potato patch usually produced from about one hundred to two hundred

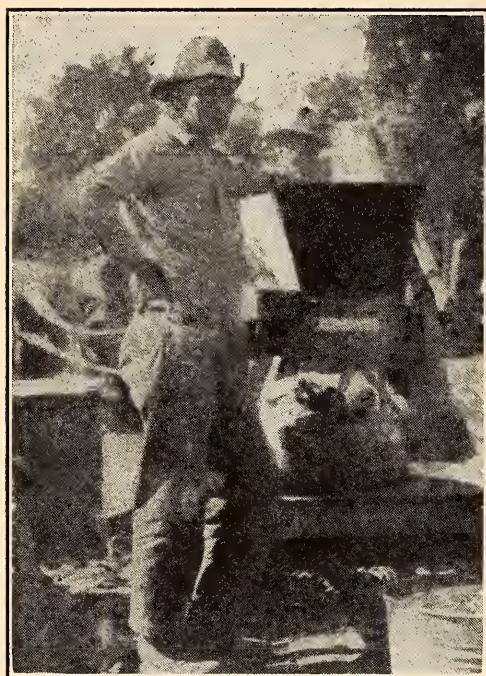
bushels to the acre. These were stored in a potato house which was built by putting up two posts with a fork in the upper end. In these forks a pole about twelve feet long was laid and

A black and white photograph showing a simple, rustic structure used for storing potatoes. It has a gabled roof and is made of vertical wooden slats. A small door is visible on the front side.

A Potato House

fence rails were laid slantingly on each side somewhat like a house top. The cracks were first covered with grass and corn stalks and then covered with sand. The back end was built of pickets and the front end was made of small boards. In this end a door was hung. The potatoes were kept here all winter for table use.

When we children came home from school, we hurried to the oven of the old fashioned wood stove to get a nice baked potato to eat with butter.



*A Community Grist Mill Used for
Grinding Corn, etc.*

From fifty to a hundred hens were kept in the barn-yard. The surplus poultry, butter and eggs were sold each week; although the price of eggs and butter was very low we realized a neat sum of money from the sale of these.

Medicinal roots and herbs were gathered from the woods, wild pepper, sage, poke root, Jerusalem oak, horehound, prickly-ash and many others were used for medicine.

Father said he reared eleven children to be grown, and all of them together, had not cost him one hundred dollars for doctor bills.



An Old Fashion Ash Hopper

The Ash-Hopper

We had an old fashioned ash-hopper. All of the wood ashes was taken from our open fire-places and put into the ash-hopper. Just enough water was sprinkled on it to keep it damp, for a week or ten days, then a bucket of water was added twice each day. This dripped into the trough under neath. The lye water was caught in an earthen receptacle and when enough was obtained to fill an iron wash-boiler, Mother and Aunt Prudy proceeded to make the soft soap.

A fire was built under the boiler and when the lye had reached the boiling point, grease, such as old butter, lard, tallow or fat meat was

added. This was boiled several minutes and when the lye would no longer dissolve the grease that remained on top it was skimmed off. The soap was boiled a few minutes longer and then allowed to cool for an hour or two after which it was poured into a barrel, and another boilerful was made, and another until, a year's supply was made. This soap was generally made in the new of the moon; during the fall and winter months, for Aunt Prudy, had better luck making soap in the "new", of the moon. This soap was used for laundry purposes and for scrubbing floors and furniture.

Aunt Prudy

Father had several tenant houses on the ranch. These were occupied by the families who cultivated the land. In one of these lived Aunt Prudy Hunt—our old "Black Mammy." She lived there twelve years, and helped Mother over many rough places when we children were small.

She was never too busy to tie up a cut finger or a stumped toe. Her "Lawd, Honey, you po chile," soon set every thing right. With us, she did everything well and could make the best biscuits on earth.

But later, when her two children, Neely and

Ed, grew up, Neely married and moved away. Aunt Prudy followed her daughter, and soon, we were sad indeed, to hear that Aunt Prudy had gone to another world.

An Old Time Wedding Feast

When Sister Mollie (Mrs. R. H. Sutherland) was married, Father had two sheep, two kids and a beef butchered and in addition to this, several turkeys were baked. Mother and the neighbor women baked for days and a great wedding feast was spread under the shade of the trees on the lawn.

When Mollie was dressed in white and had her long white veil on, Mother said: "I am sorry I could not buy a wreath of flowers for Mollie, but none could be bought." Mrs. John Wallace, Mother's sister-in-law, went out on the lawn and cut a basket of large white flowers Althea or Rose of Sharon, and soon a beautiful bridal wreath was made, and worn by Mollie.

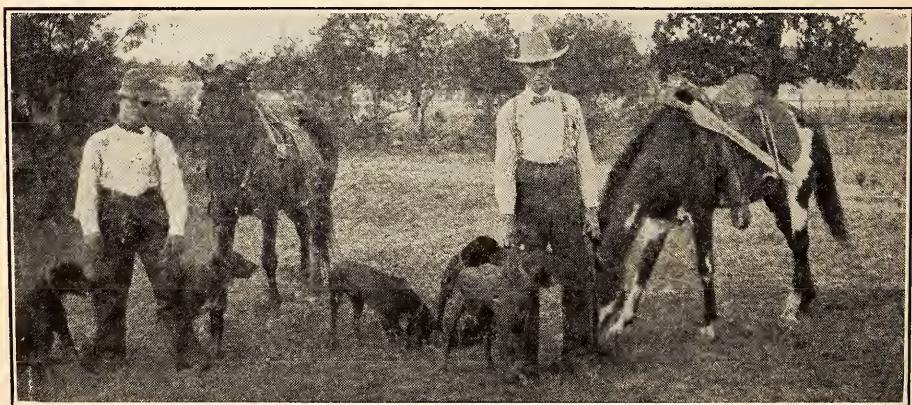
After the ceremony was over, dinner was served, but the guests, as was the custom then, remained the whole day.

I well remember, one or two women were kept busy all day sweeping cotton catapillars back, to keep them out of the house. They had

eaten the leaves off of the cotton and many weeds also. They then went in armies every where. Some times when driving along the wagon roads, the wagon ruts were filled with them. They fell into the open wells and died, causing much unpleasantness but they disappeared in a few days. Some years later, they threatened to destroy the cotton crop but the sparrows devoured them.

Our Amusements

When we children were small, we played in rain or sunshine as free as the birds of the air. We seldom left home unless Father drove our horses, Old Dick and Mack, to the farm wagon.

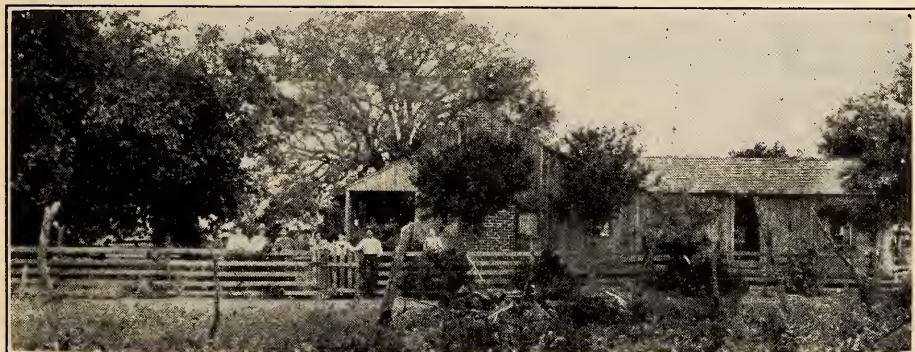


Two Hunters and the Ranch Hounds

Mother spread an old fashioned quilt on the floor of it; they put us in the wagon and we sat

on the quilt. This was the way we went to visit our relatives and neighbors or went to the village store or to church.

Our parents usually took us about once a year to San Antonio, a distance of forty miles. They gave us money to spend as we desired. We enjoyed buying pretty books and toys, but more than all we enjoyed the two nights we camped in the woods, one night going and one returning. If we camped on a river, we played, fished and listened to the croak of the frogs, if on a prairie, we camped near a lake or a pond of



The Ranch House

water, we always heard the coyotes howl, the horn-owl hoot, and the unceasing tinkle of the cow-bells—this was happiness to us.

There were usually two or three families making the trip together. Each family had a wagon and would buy a six month's supply of dry-goods and groceries.

When we were large enough to ride horseback and drive a carriage, the village had become quite a little city. We went to church, school, picnics, barbecues, tourments and other places of entertainment.

Some years later, Father added to our two-room house five more rooms with a spacious hall between the east and west wings. A new brick chimney was built to the large front room of the new wing.

Printed and sold by Hopkins & Cook, Austin, Texas.

The State of Texas, }
County of Wilson }
Sct. D. A. G. Pickett

Clerk of the District Court within and for said county and State, do hereby certify that N. M. Jackson
on the 27th day of July 1874 had his stock
mark and brand recorded in said county as follows, to-wit:

NO. OF BRAND.	MARK.	BRAND.	REMARKS.
676	○○	SAL	

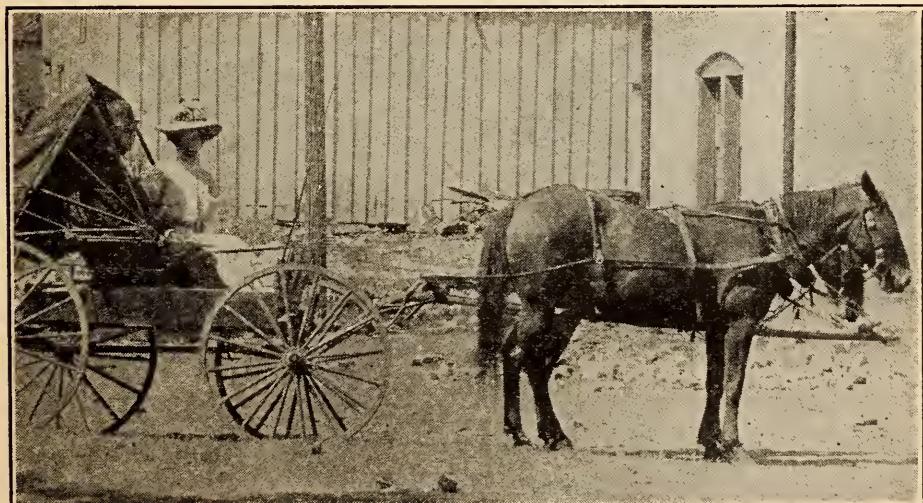
as the same appears on Mark and Brand Record A
page 271.

Witness my name and the seal of said Court,
at Floresville this 27th day of
July 1874.
D. A. G. Pickett Clerk.

Father sold his entire SAL brand of cattle, took out a new brand, ANC, and had it recorded. He bought sixteen high grade milch cows and put his new brand on all the cattle and young horses.



The Old Cotton Wagon and a Group of Farmer Boys

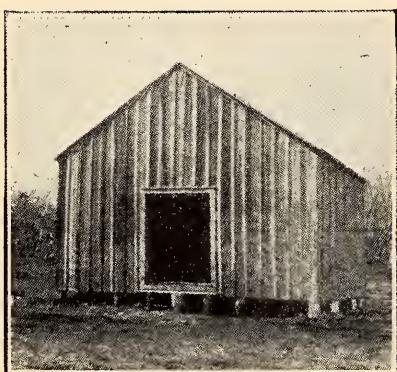


Pioneer Buggy

The farm wagon, which had been drawn by horses, was now discarded as a traveling conveyance. Father bought a buggy and a carriage and Mother bought a square Chickering piano, which was the second piano owned at Stockdale, the first one belonged to State Representative John R. King's family.

After the piano was bought, Mother employed a music teacher from England to teach music in the home; an English governess was also employed

The Ranch School



A Pioneer School House

Father and Mr. Clifton built a one-room school house on the Clifton ranch, just across the line from our ranch. They organized a rural shcool district and employed Mrs. Emma Marquis to teach there.

She was a very efficient teacher, a woman of education and refinement. She was born in Haverhill, Masschusetts, but during her childhood, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alphaeus



Webster, moved to Boston where she was educated. She possessed a wonderful voice and sang with the choir at the Centennial Concert in Boston, with Perepirosa. She married Alexander Marquis, a Christian minister. Some years later they moved to

Texas, hoping to regain his health, but he soon died, leaving a son and daughter, Robert and Daisy. Mrs. Marquis had learned to love Texas and Texas people and spent the remainder of her useful life teaching school and voice in Texas.

Daisy and Robert Marquis, remained in Texas and became prominent educators.

After several terms of school had been taught in this building, it was then sold, the proceeds together with the equipment, was donated toward building a high school in Stockdale. The Stockdale High School soon became one of the best schools in the country.

Mrs. Susan C. Stires

A pioneer woman, Mrs. Susan C. Stires, who lived in Texas under five flags, lived seven years in our home. She came from Kentucky, her home there was near that of Daniel Boone. She came to San Antonio when it was nothing

more than a frontier trading post. Indian and Mexican raids were an almost daily occurrence. Mrs. Stires was associated with all leading events in the history of Texas, that have been recorded as the high lights of progress in the modernization of this section of the United States.



Mrs. Stires resided in Texas under five separate governments.

She lived for many years in San Antonio and narrowly escaped death several times in horrible Indian massacres. Once, in 1857, she was with a wagon train traveling over the prairies near Fort Clark and they came upon the body of a white man who had just been killed and scalped by the Indians.

She was a close personal friend of General Sam Houston, and took pleasure in telling of his wonderful addresses. She was also associated with Agustus Evans Wilson, the novelist; while she was in San Antonio studying the plot of her novel: "Inez, or The Tale of The Alamo."

Mrs. Stires lived to be ninety-five years old and died at her home in Sutherland Springs, Texas.

A Bride From Erin

John Hendricks lived in our home four years before going back to Ireland, to claim the sweetheart of his youth. They married in New York and came to our house, where they remained until they were comfortably settled in their own home.

Mr. Hendricks was a wealthy Irishman. He helped many a poor man to buy a home and was called a poor man's friend. After his death, his widow Gertrude Hendricks, continued the good work he had so nobly begun. She found pleasure in this work until her death several years later.

From letters written by him, from New York, to my father, A. M. Jackson, at Stockdale, will give the reader some idea of his love for his fellow-man, however poor he chanced to be and of his willingness to help worthy people, who were in need.

Ice and Salt

The salt and ice used for packing meat was hauled from Indianola, a distance of approximately one hundred and fifty miles.

In wet weather when the roads were boggy and the rivers were not fordable, it often took

several days to make the trip. Wagons were made for the purpose. These wagon beds were so constructed that ice could be well packed and protected from the heat and wind. Faucets were used to draw off any surplus water, to retard melting. Salt was brought in wagons from Salt Lakes bordering the Gulf of Mexico.

Indianola

In Matagorda Bay, an estuary of the Gulf of Mexico, is a beautiful little Island covered with tropical vegetation and wonderful sea-shells. This is Indianola Island upon which the city of Indianola once prospered. It was a small, shallow port, but owing to its nearness to San Antonio, Goliad, Gonzalas, Victoria, Cuero and other settlements, it was very important during colonial days. But in 1875 it was almost destroyed by a storm and on August 20, 1886, a tropical storm in the form of a hurricane tossed the waves high over the island and when its fury was spent, our beloved little city was no more.

Another town built on the high bluff of the main-land, is called Port Lavaca.

Galveston and Corpus Christi are deep water harbors and these ports are connected with

inland cities by rail roads, hence, these cities are perhaps the most important sea-ports in Texas. But Port Lavaca, also has a railroad and is still a favorite summer resort.

LIFE AMONG THE COMMANCHE INDIANS

By Jim Jackson

Do I remember when my father, A. W. Jackson, lived in the mountains? Yes, I well remember when we lived up there on the San Saba and the Medina Rivers. It seems to me that the Indians just lived around our house. Many times have I stood behind my father and peeped out of the house through the cracks between the walls and watched the Indians, as father knocked the lights out and stood in front of the closed door peeping through the cracks with his pistol in hand. The cattle rushed up against the walls of our house and we could easily hear their hearts beating, they were so frightened by the Indians. They dreaded the sting of the arrows.

One night the cattle rushed up against the house, father knocked the lights out and stood before the closed door and peeped out, ready to defend us in case of an attack by the In-

dians. I peeped through the cracks, as usual, and we heard a calf bleat. Father said: "They have killed a calf." We saw them butcher it, build a fire, put the meat on poles to cook and have a war dance around it while it was cooking. After the dance was over they ate it and left.

One Sunday morning the boy I played with, Bob Bandy—there was but one boy near enough to play with—and I went down to the bank of the Medina River, to cut a stick horse, each, so we could run a race. We got two nice, long willow horses and walked out into the road and I said: "Now when I count one, two, three, we will run and who ever gets to the house first, wins the race." As Bob was very tall and I short, the reader can easily determine who won the necessary race—without the horses. We were ready to count, when we heard a noise and looked up, some fifteen feet away, we saw about thirty Indians in the trail. They were painted and on the war path. We dropped our horses and he just flew, he passed our house like the wind. Finally, I reached the house and fell on the porch. Father said: "What is the matter?" It was some time before I could speak, then I gasped: "Indians" Father laughed and said: "I knew it." All that saved

us was that the Indians were just starting upon the war path. It was on their return trips, they captured children.

People sometimes ask: "Why did all the Texans drive oxen?" The reason is plain to me—the Indians took all of their horses. We could keep only two horses. One was so old and decrepit, the Indians would not have him, and the other had been captured by them once and tie him with whatever we would, he would invariably break loose and run to the house when he scented Indians.

I remember once that Grandfather Arnold bought two beautiful little ponies and paid eighty dollars in gold for them, at San Antonio. He brought them up there and Father said: "Grand-pa, you will not have those horses in the morning." Grandfather replied: "O! Yes I will, I will tie them to the door post and watch them." He did, but the next morning the ponies were gone. The ropes had been cut and moccasin tracks were seen all around the house.

The people made their wagons. Uncle Bill North was a wagon maker. These cumbrous wagons had wooden spindles made of hickory. I well remember the first factory-made wagon I ever saw.

Finally the Indians came so near capturing father, that he moved back to Wilson County. We moved away leaving our home and almost everything we had. We could not sell them, the Indians were so hostile, we had to retreat.

After we moved back to Stockdale, Wilson County, Grandfather Arnold lived with us, and he rode on horse-back, alone, to San Antonio, a distance of forty miles, after he was one hundred and five years old.

LOST IN A STORM

By Mrs. S. H. Hall

In about 1878, we lived on a tributary of Clifton Branch, a dry hollow, about two and one-half miles from Stockdale. I remember as if it were yesterday, in the fall of the year my mother went to Mrs. Winslow's, to borrow some corn-meal, as for some reason, we had failed to go, on Saturday, to mill, as was the custom of all the settlers. Mother wanted the meal to make corn-bread for supper. Mrs. Winslow lived across the hollow, about two hundred yards from our house, and Mother left Mrs. Winslow's about dusk, but when she reached the branch it did not look natural to

her so she turned around and walked back a little way and nothing she saw looked natural, so she wandered around in the dense thicket. She was lost!

Just a few days before, a woman Mrs. Belle Hobbs with only an infant had been found dead in her house and no one knew the cause of her death; and to add to our fears, a Mexican Cougar (lion) had been seen in the thicket about three days before, of course mother thought of all of this too. A storm cloud was rising above the horizon, the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the rain came down in torrents and we felt sure mother would be killed or drowned before the dawn of another day. It seems to me yet, that this was the stormiest night I ever saw. Father and a neighbor man, Tom Miers, and some of his boys, went in a party to search for mother. They told us they would swim across the hollow on horseback, which was a dangerous feat, but father said: "We will not recross it until we have found mother, but we will come back and call to you, to ask if she has returned."

I can close my eyes now and see just the heads of the horses above the water. I can see them pawing and splashing the water, as father and our friends crossed the swollen stream.

Our brothers stayed at home with us; also, a neighbor woman, who kindly offered to come and stay with us, to comfort our aching hearts.

I can never forget how mother looked, when they brought her in next morning, about four o'clock. Her eyes looked excited and her hair hung down around her neck and was a mass of cockle-burrs.

I think it took the neighbor women a week to get the burrs out. Her shoes were just hanging on her feet.

Father took our two dogs, Old Bull and Frost, also Mr. Winslow's dogs to help hunt mother. They heard the dogs yelping and galloped up to them. They were tearing mother's clothing and she was fighting hard to defend herself, for the dogs did not know her in that condition.

It took mother weeks to recover from the shock to her nerves; and I sometimes think she never was as composed as before.

J. MARVIN HUNTER'S TRIBUTE TO OUR PIONEER WOMEN

From Pioneer History of Bandera County

It is pleasant and right to recount the noble deeds of our fathers, but far more pleasant to

say something in praise of our gentle sisters, the heroines of the pioneer; she who rocked the cradle bed of childhood; our first, last and faithallest friend. We would feel remiss in a chivalric duty did we fail to note her share in the great work of discovery and improvement and it is only proper that we should record some encouraging word to her aspirations and advocate her claims to a just and proper place in the history of our great state. The trophies of the years that pass are a few immortalities gleaned from its sepulcre. Epochs, events, characters, that survive; oblivion is the common goal of the race. Whatever has contributed to human weal has been remembered, memorialized by cenotaph and mausoleum and remains with us on History's page. Their deeds shine on the pages of history, like stars blazing in the night, and their achievements have long been celebrated in song and story. Romulus and Remus founded an empire and their names are immortal. Columbus discovered a new world and he stands unique in the sublime faith and courage which impelled him over an unknown sea. Honor has been rather partial in bestowing her gifts and fame has placed her laurels chiefly on masculine brows, forgetting the countless heroines who were worthy of rec-

ognition. It is with great pride that we call attention to the fact that the pioneer women of Texas have proved themeslves competent to fill positions other than presiding at the festal board, or beating out the rhythm of their blood with sandaled feet on polished floors, or strewing flowers in the path of the conquerer as he returns from the bloody carnage; for many noble names have swollen the list of those who have proven to the world that women can be true and great even in the arduous duties incident to pioneer life. Bravely she has gone to the unprotected frontier, with no shelter but the crude cabin, the dugout or the open camp, where the winds whistled, wolves howled, where Indians yelled, and yet within that rude domicile, burning like a lamp, was the pure and stainless christian faith, love, patience, fortitude and heroism. And as the Star of the East rested over the manger where Christ lay, so, speaking not irreverently, there rested over the roofs of the pioneers a star of the West, the star of Empire, and today that empire is the proudest in the world. The pioneer woman, though creature of toil and lonliness and privation, she endured it with a constancy as changeless as the solitude and danger about her. She has borne her part in all the vicissi-

tudes incident to the outposts of the borderland and her hands have assisted in kindling the fires on the confines of civilization to guide the wheels of empire outward, onward. Of necessity, the pioneer woman sacrificed more than the pioneer man, the finer texture of her being was less adapted to the rugged environments of pioneer life. However, as the tides of the ocean are forever faithful to the mysterious attraction of the moon, so woman has followed man across seas, over mountains and into the deserts to witness his adventurees and share his achievements. Those who lay the foundations of empire and extend the outposts of civilization are worthy of all honor, and especially is this true of the pioneer woman. If Texas today boasts of statesman or warrior, of patriots and freemen, of a civilization and a social fabric into which is inwrought the elements of permanency and progress, she owes it largely to her pioneer women who founded the first homes, worshipped in the first humble chapels erected to God on these western hills and boundless prairies now crowded with temples and churches and schools and institutions of learning while the multitudinous tramp of a million feet are still heard in the distance coming this way to enjoy what these pioneer moth-

ers purchased by their sacrifice and privation. It was not given to many of these leaders to enter into the fruits of their labors. This splendid civilization we enjoy today, the social vines that shelter us, the civic boughs whose clusters feed us, all spring from the seed sown, and the harvest of tears reaped by our pioneers, our old settlers. These pioneer women were familiar with much that has passed with the years, so rapidly have conditions changed. Be it said to their honor that in humble homes and with few advantages she did well her part; there was something in the lullaby that she sang to her children at twilight, in the sublime simplicity of her teachings that fostered a sturdy manhood and patriotism which was inwrought into the stalwart republic, the precursor of the Lone Star State. She has been scalped and tortured by the savage, and her blood has reddened these plains and valleys as an oblation on the altar of empire. Her life and the tragic scenes through which she passed are each a romance where daring and adventure and sacrifice are the chief actors on its eventful pages.

All that is noblest in man is born of woman's constancy and deathless devotion to him. Knighthood found its inspiration in the pathos of her love and the charm of her smiles. Wo-

man loves man, is jealous of his freedom, his liberty, his honor, and for him she sacrifices all. Heart and soul are the smallest things she immolates on any altar. The pioneer women of Texas robed themselves out in drudgery and toil that their beauty might reappear in the structure their devoted hands built to liberty and progress. They buried themselves in these western solitudes, that from these living sepulchres might come the great pulse-beat of a mighty nation, buoyant, chivalric, progressive civilization. They gave up the comforts and pleasures of society, severed the tenderest ties of the human heart, home and kindred, the old altars where they prayed, the graves of their loved and lost, these the dearest things to a woman's heart, that we today might enjoy in their fullest fruition what they lost. We may well be proud of the temper of these Texas heroines; their dear old hands it is true were familiar with toil, but they wrought faithfully and well, and their dear old hearts beat the prelude to the grand march of the empire. Their feet beat out the trail over the trackless prairie and across rugged mountains which has since widened into the great thoroughfares of commerce and travel; their tender hands planted the first flowers on the graves of

those whose bones first reposed under Texas soil. God bless you, our dear pioneer women. We treasure you as trophies fresh from the field of victory; may your declining years be rewarded with the gratitude and appreciation of all who enjoy the blessings and privileges of this great country; may your last days be as the calm eventide that comes at the end of a quiet summer day when the sun is dying out of the west. We believe and admit it today that woman is heaven's "ideal of all that is pure and ennobling and lovely here, her love is the light of the cabin home." It is the one thing in the world that is constant, the one peak that rises above the cloud, the one window in which the light burns forever, the one star that darkness cannot quench—is woman's love. It rises to the greatest height, it sinks to the lowest depths, it forgives the most cruel injuries. It is perennial of life, and grows in every climate, neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty can extinguish it. It is the perfume of the heart; it is this that has wrought all miracles of art, that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the last grand symphony that bears the soul away on wings of joy. In the language of Petronius to Lygia, "May the white winged doves of peace build their nests

in the rafters of your homes," may the gleams of happiness and prosperity shine on the pathway of your remaining days, and may the smile of an approving God be a lamp unto your feet and a light unto your pathway, guiding you safely across the frontier of time to a safe place beneath the shade of the trees on the other side.

FERRY BOATS

By M. Duffy

I came to Texas, from Ireland in 1872. I engaged in the mercantile business at Cuero. The Slacker Ferry Boat was three miles from Cuero on the San Antonio River. A ferry boat in those days was a pofitable investment, as the toll charge was five cents for each person who walked across it, ten cents for each horse and rider, and a wagon with two draft animals was twenty-five cents and when the Chihuahua wagon trains, which hauled freight between Victoria, Cuero and Mexico, came through there, they sometimes paid seventy-five dollars toll for the round trip. These wagon trains were usually made up of from ten to twenty wagons and some of the wagoners worked as many as twenty-four mules to one wagon.

The Caritas

The Mexican Caritas, a train of Mexican carts, were busy hauling freight between San Antonio and Cuero. These trains usually numbered from five to twenty carts and each cart was drawn by from two to fourteen oxen.

These Mexicans only charged from twenty-five to forty cents a hundred pounds for hauling freight.

They worked oxen and had no feed to buy, as the oxen ate the grass by the road-side.

Kindling Fires

The settlers sometimes lost the fire and had no matches to kindle one. They were again thrown upon their resources.

A piece of flint rock and a piece of punk was generally kept in the house. The piece of punk was laid on the flint rock and the flint was struck with the blade of a closed pocket knife, or some other piece of steel, until the flying sparks of fire had set fire to the soft velvety punk. Then the piece of punk was fanned, or the breath was blown upon it, until it became a coal of fire. This was placed upon a pile of dry leaves and small twigs were piled upon these and fanned until a blaze was obtained.

The fire was carefully guarded and covered with ashes at night, to keep live coals with which to build a fire to cook breakfast the next morning.

We had no prepared breakfast foods then. Our breakfast consisted of coffee, hot biscuits or cornbread, honey, butter, ham and eggs, etc.

NOTE—This punk was obtained from oak trees and stumps and senna weed roots.

Prairie Fires

Cow boys and ranchmen, carried flint and punk in their pockets, for if they happened to be without matches, their lives depended upon making a fire in some other way. During the winter months, a blizzard was likely to overtake them and a sudden drop in temperature endanger their lives, but even more than this, they dreaded the prairie fires. When their sharp eyes detected a smoke rising in the distance, not unlike an angry storm-cloud, they knew a prairie fire was coming. They dismounted as quickly as possible, set fire to the grass around them, in order to burn an area large enough, that the flames could not leap across and burn them.

Lost Rivers of Texas

Why so many lost rivers in Texas? And will those now remaining be lost? These two questions are often asked by persons traveling across the state in an east to west direction.

After summing up the information given by the pioneer stockmen, then making a careful study of the class of rivers that have become lost and contrasting them with those that now remain, we can easily ascertain why they have become lost, and judge whether those now remaining are likely to become lost.

First, the continental shelf is rising here and we notice the "Lost Rivers" are those having little or no valleys. They have shallow, sandy banks, and flow through sandy regions, such as, the "Sand Hills of Texas" which extend almost entirely across the state in an east to west direction.

Another striking feature of these rivers is that their source is in a low, nearly level country and lack fall to force the course white sand and heavy drifts downward.

Now arises the question: "Why did they flow during the Red Man's reign and have become lost to the white race?" The pioneer's story will again make this point clear.

As the white settlers came to Texas, they

brought cattle and horses with them. When these had increased to immense herds of wild stock the country was then over stocked; the grass was destroyed and the turf was broken.

The white settlers began to cultivate the soil and devastate the forest trees. After the great forest trees were destroyed and the turf was broken, then came the work of that great sculptor—‘Water.’”

Heavy rains began to wash the sand downward into the channel of these rivers; the never tiring winds have not ceased to lift, hither and thither, these loose, shifting sands forming miniature mountains near the banks; again a down pour of rain and the sand dunes were carried into the river beds. Thus, on and anon, until the channels were filled with sand, the water unable to force its way onward, stood for a time in pools, then sank into the earth. These rivers, that were to the worn traveler, as oases in the desert, now flow only through the wet season.

Alumn Creek, A Teacher of Nature

When you have grown weary, straining your eyes upon books of nature; then close your books, prepare your lunch basket, fill your canteen with fresh water and hie away to the

country. When you have reached Sutherland Springs, you are within two miles of this wonderful "Teacher of Nature."

When first you reach her, you may feel a bit disappointed; for she is secluded in the forest, and speaks not to strangers, as to her friends of old, but travel down her white sand beds, note her caves and canyons; in her steep banks see the strata of soil; draw nearer; examine these strata. You will find interesting mines of growing coperas, salt, sulphur, such beautiful rainbow colors in these mineral flower beds hidden in her ancient walls.

Now she speaks to you:
She tells a wonderful story, sad but true:

The Song of a Lost River

"Welcome, dear children, your hearts are
young and gay,
Time was when mine was too,
Your ripples of laughter, glad and free,
Are so like the merry laughing wavelets,
Which once brightened my gay young life
In this glad forest.

Ah! Well! I remember when the day grew
dark and the clouds hung low,
The forked tongued lightning cleft the amber
air.

The loud voice of "Old Nimbus", shook the
very earth,

I trembled, but my dear laughing wavelets sang
merrily on.

Soon, the rain-drops came patterning down,
The water-nymphs, came out to play,
But my dear rippling wavelets,
Embraced them and bore them away,

Night settled down, but the play went on;
They needed no light but the light of that
storm.

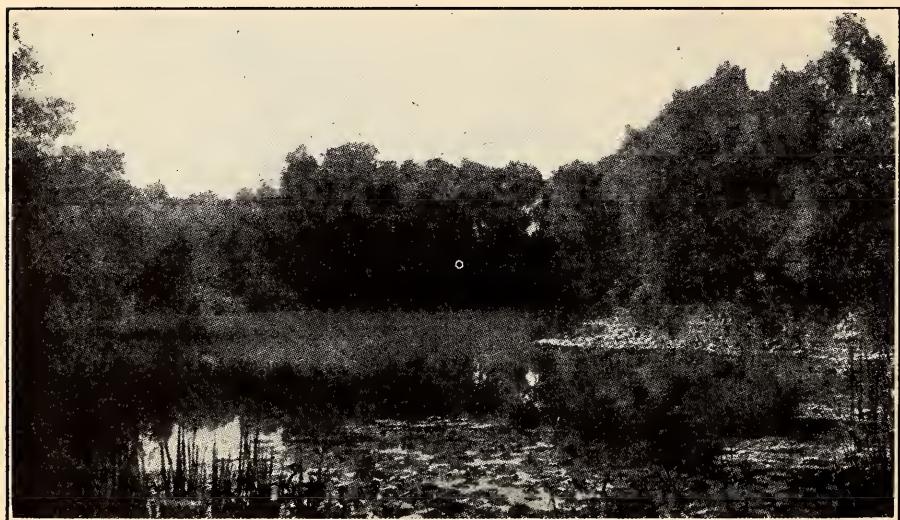
The frog-band played, and the alligators sang,



Night Settled Down But The Play Went On

While on my bosom, among the lilies, quite
hidden from the rain,
Little fishes hid, while the alligators sang.
“Old Nimbus” passed on and the water-nymphs
too,
But my happy waves remained and my forest
friend true.

The needle-fish was here, with his needles for
rends,
But glad morning came with nothing to mend.



My Happy Waves Remained and My Forest Friend True
The Red Man, came down with his rough hewn
canoe,
And fished neath my banks the whole day
through;

And carried to his wigwam, where the sun sank low,
Large fishes of blue and yellow—you know?
The roe-buck would wend his way hither to drink,
The brown buffalo would stand on the brink
of my water's edge,
And eat the green grass as it hung over head.

The wild mustang, here lingered long;
Nor seemed prone to go when night came on.
When the hermit of the forest came out from
his lair,
Then my mirror would reflect a great, black
bear.
But one day into the forest the Pale Faces came,
I knew not that the Indian's cheek waned,
As he saw them drive their herds upon the
grass;
Ah! Well, the Red Man knew that our day
would soon pass.

My friend, The Forest sighed and moaned to
see,
The strange Pale Face, fast robbing me,
of my companions,
My papooses, my wavelets, my fishes—my all;



My Trees the Most Stately and Tall

Even my trees, the most stately and tall.
My beautiful flowers, trampled under their
feet;
They killed my wild bear and ate them for
meat
They made deep furrows in my forest, they say,
And took away my flowers, where the butter-
flies play.

And filled my channel with this sand and today,
My waters are gone and my happy waves too;
For this reason I mourn some whole days
through.

I've no fishes to hide from the alligator now.
I'm the victim of the axe, the hoe and the plow,
When in mirrors of the sky, my sad face they
see,

The clouds look down in tender pity for me.
Sometimes, they moan and weep until they,
Bring back my merry wavelets, just for a day.

Then I, as a fond mother, whose lost children
have come home,
Scarce happy while here, for dread when they
are gone.
But welcome, dear children, thrice welcome, I
say,
I am delighted to have you come here to play.

You are thirsty you say—I am sorry my dear;
I once had water to give the wild bear;
But since he was lured and chased from his
lair,

I have no pure water—you see that pool there?
It is now cursed with the saltiness of the sea,
Not good for you, though thirsty you be.
My wild birdies like it—they drink it and say:
“It’s a cure for diseases and drives pain away.”

ERA VI

ERA OF THE FRONTIER DAYS IN TEXAS

BANDERA PASS, A HISTORIC BATTLE- FIELD

By A. J. Sowell

Bandera Pass is situated in the northern edge of Bandera County, nine miles southeast from Center Point, and is noted for two famous battles fought there and these battles were about one-hundred years apart.

About sixty years prior to our war of the Texas Revolution, a Spanish Colony, from the Canary Islands, settled where the city of San Antonio now is. One of the objects of this

colony was to civilize the wild tribes of Indians, which roamed over the plains of Texas. Some of these tribes were not as war-like as others, and were easily handled; they helped to build the missions and dig the irrigation ditches. There was one powerful, haughty, war-like tribe, however, that could not be handled by the colonists. They were the Apaches and their home was in and around the now famous Pass. Many villages and tepees were on the creeks adjacent. They made many raids on San Antonio and carried off stock and robbed houses and often made the citizens hold their horses while they pillaged the premises.

General Bandera's Fight

This state of affairs could not be endured, and the King of Spain was notified of the situation. He at once sent General Bandera with a body of troops for the protection of the colonists. The strong-hold of the Apaches was easily located on account of the plain trails which led from San Antonio. The Indians discovered the approach of the Spaniards and abandoned their villages, scattering their squaws and papooses in the hills to the north-west. The warriors in great numbers occupied the Pass and

hills adjoining and there awaited the onset of the Spanish army. A terrible battle raged for three days, but they were finally defeated with great slaughter and the remnant retreated well across the plains and settled in New Mexico, and their descendants are there yet. The villages were burned and General Bandera, returned to San Antonio and was stationed there for the protection of the colonists in case of future raids. The Pass, creek, town and county were named for the Spanish General. His name "Bandera" means flag in English.

Captain Jack Hays' Famous Fight

John Coffee Hays, better known in Texas as Jack Hays, was born in Williamson County, Tennessee, in 1818. He was named for General Coffee, who commanded a brigade in the army of General Jackson at the battle of New Orleans. He came to Texas in 1837, when but nineteen years of age and located at San Antonio. He was a surveyor by profession and was employed to survey land on the frontier. His active life on the frontier gave him a hardy constitution and none could endure more hardships than he. His talent as a commander and leader of border men early developed and he was soon among the chosen leaders of pioneers

of southwest Texas. His reputation as a fighter arose so rapidly, he was given the command of the frontier with the rank of Major in 1840. This was in part, owing to his gallantry in the great Indian battle of Plum Creek, where two hundred Texans defeated six hundred Comanche Indians, and pursued them to the foot of the mountains. The pursuit ended where the town of Kyle now is.

This was in 1840. He attracted the attention of President Houston, who commissioned him to raise a company of rangers to be stationed in or near San Antonio, for the protection of the settlers. It was during that time, that he fought the battle of Bandera Pass with the Commanche Indians.

Indians In Ambush

At this time the rangers under Hays were camped on the Leon Creek, seven miles west of San Antonio. His scouting ground was Pedernales, Guadalupe, Nueces, Medina, Llano and the Frio Rivers. These scouts fought six battles with the Commanches.

In 1842, about one hundred years after Bandera fought the Apaches, Captain Hays started with about forty men intending to go out through the Pass and scout up the Guadalupe

River. They made their last camp where the town of Bandera now is and arrived at the Pass at ten o'clock the following morning. In the meantime, about one hundred Comanches were coming south on a raid and discovered the approach of the rangers, while several miles away, as the country was not brushy then.

The Indian Chief laid in ambush, secreting warriors on both sides of the Pass, a dense body of them being in a ravine which entered the Pass on the west side. When the rangers entered the Pass they were considerably scattered. The Indians allowed them to penetrate about half way before the attack was made. They came in such numbers and so furiously yelling and shouting, some confusion prevailed. Frightened and wounded horses wheeling and trying to run back. The presence and coolness of Hays soon restored order: "Dismount, boys: tie your horses and charge the Indians. We can whip them; no doubt about that."

The fight was fierce and bloody, often hand to hand. Finally, when the Comanche Chief was killed by Kit Ackland, the gallant ranger was also badly cut. The Indians soon withdrew to the north end of the pass, and the rangers to the south end where there was a big water hole and they went into camp. They

brought their dead and wounded with them. Five rangers were killed and six wounded. The dead were buried near the water hole. The graves were dug with hatchets and knives.

Among Those Killed

Among those killed was George Jackson, son of Tom Jackson, who was killed with Travis in the Alamo. Another one was Peter Fore. The wounded were Tom Galbreath, Ben Highsmith, Kit Ackland, Sam Lucky, Sam Walker and Andrew Erskin. The Indians kept up a great noise until late at night, but when daylight came they were all gone. Their dead had all been removed and the Chief buried near the north end of the Pass, the grave having a pile of rocks on it. The horses of the slain warriors were killed at the north end of the Pass. This was a part of their religion, they believed that the dead wariors would need their horses to ride to the Happy Hunting Ground.

Captain Hays carried his wounded men at once to San Antonio, where they could get medical aid.

Became Noted Men

It is quite remarkable that so many of these young rangers who fought in this battle, became noted men afterwards. Jack Hays commanded

a regiment of Texas rangers, in General Taylor's army in Mexico. Sam Walker, who was badly wounded at Bandera Pass, was Lieutenant Colonel of Hays' regiment and was killed at the battle of Humantla. Ben McCullouck, commanded a spy company in the regiment of Hays in Mexico, was Major General in the Confederate army, in the Civil War and was killed at the battle of Elk Horn. P. Hansborough Bell commanded a regiment in the Mexican war and was afterwards Governor of Texas. Ad Gillespie was a Captain in the regiment of Hays and was killed at the Storming of Monterey. Big Foot Wallace was his Lieutenant and carried him away from the walls which they were assaulting. Mike Chevalier was Major in Hays' regiment. George Neill was a veteran of San Jacinto and a son of Colonel Neill who was in command of the Alamo until relieved by Colonel Travis. Andrew Erskin, a prominent citizen of Guadalupe County, was killed at the battle of Gains Mills, during the Civil War. Creed Taylor, one of a historic family of the early days in Texas, died at a very advanced age at his ranch in Kimball County. Mike Chevalier and Kit Ackland went with Colonel Hays to California in 1848. Colonel Hays died in California in 1873, near Piedmont.

Ben Highsmith, eighty-six years of age, died near Devine in Medina County.

Old Camp Verde

This historic place is situated on Verde Creek, about eight miles west of Center Point, and is laid down on the Spanish map as "Verde Arroyo," (Green Creek). It was established as a frontier post by an act of Congress, in 1855, and was also, intended for a camel post.

In 1856, forty camels arrived with twelve Armenian drivers and their families. A sketch had been made of an eastern caravansary in Asia Minor, and it was reproduced at Camp Verde, in every minute particular. It was built in a rectangular shape, except the north wall, which made an angle, the distance from each corner to this angle being one hundred and fifty feet. This wall was fifteen feet high and made of concrete and timber, "Pise" work. The timber came from Pensacola Florida, and cost the government one hundred and twenty-five dollars a thousand to get it here. The south walls were not so high, and in front was an open court, in which was a well with an old style Egyptian sweep. This project of using camels on Texas frontier, originated with Jef-

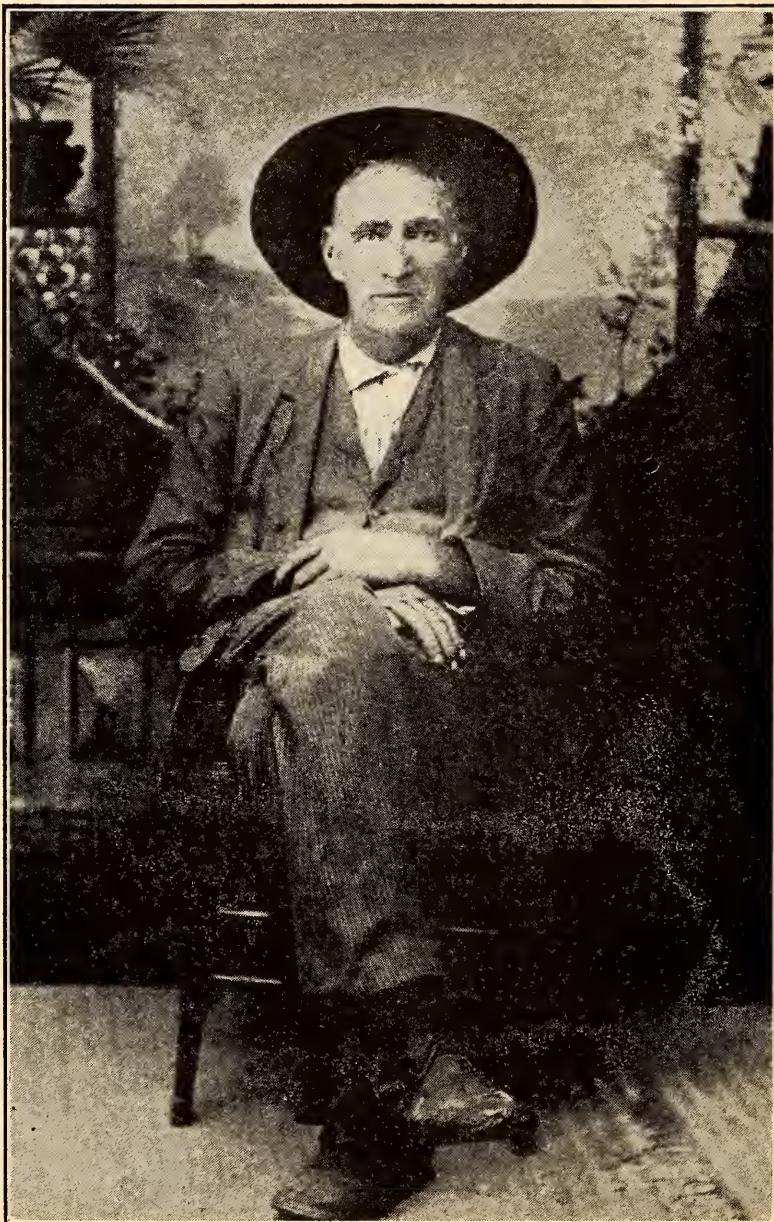
ferson Davis. He thought the camel could cross the desert with more ease and quicker than horses and go longer without water, which would greatly facilitate carrying dispatches and following Indians. This was all true enough. The camels could cross the desert stretches better than horses if it had all been deseert sand, but Camp Verde was situated too far east and was in a mountainous and rocky country, over which the camels with soft, spongy feet, only suited to the sand, could make but little headway. The tough Spanish pony could beat him. Later, it might have succeeded when the line of posts extended out to the great plains, but the project at Camp Verde was a failure.

The Camp Verde Camels

These fifty-three camels, valued at twenty-thousand dollars, and twelve Armenian Drivers and their families, arrived at Camp Verde, in 1856; although, these camels could carry a load of five hundred pounds each, they were said to be unsuited for army service in this rough rocky country. They traveled so slowly, they could not keep up with the command; they were late getting into camp, and sometimes, caused cattle and horses to stampede, hence, the soldiers considered them more burdensome

than useful. No doubt, the officer's wives, who attended the old time, "Camp Meetings," there found much pleasure in riding these camels to church.

Captain I. N. Palmer was the first commander of this post, and he rose to the rank of General in the United States Army, during the Civil War. Major Bowman, next occupied the position and died there. Lieutenant Wheaton, afterwards a General, also commanded the post. General Robert E. Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston were also at this post, and it was from here that General Johnston started on the expedition across the plains, by order of the United States Government, to operate against the Mormons in 1857. The Johnston fork of the Guadalupe River was named for him. He was a Major General in the Confederate Army in the Civil War and was killed at the battle of Shiloh. His body was brought to Texas and buried at Austin, as was also that of General Ben McCulloch. Big Foot Wallace is also buried near their graves.



W. A. or "Big Foot" Wallace
By Courtesy of His Great Niece Mrs. L. F. Poor

W. A. OR "BIG FOOT" WALLACE

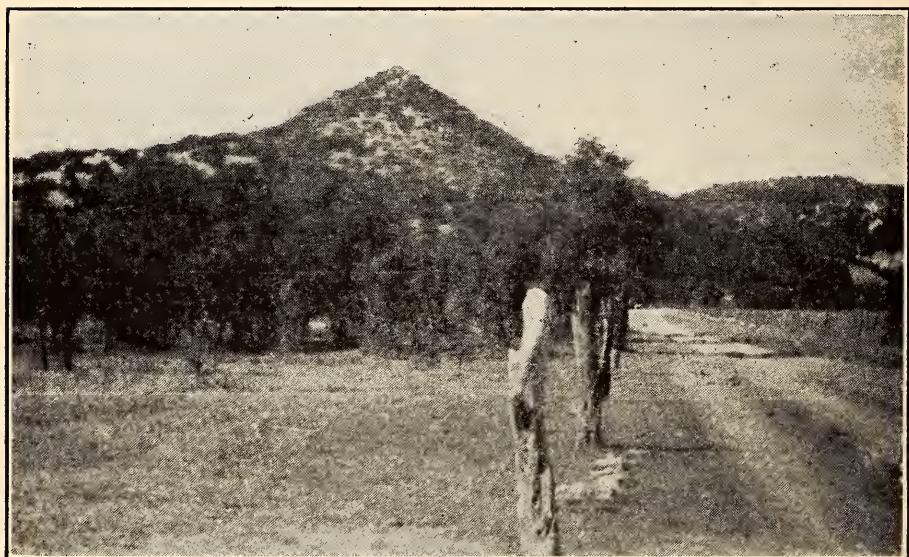
W. A. or "Big Foot" Wallace came to Texas from Virginia, in 1837. He located near La Grange, on the west side of the Colorado River.

While there he was captured by the Commanche Indians. Many years after his escape from them he related to Doctor Green of Rancho, the following story of his capture: "The Commanche Indians captured me once and I thought that my life was about to come to an end, as I saw they were preparing to kill me, but suddenly an old squaw appeared upon the scene; she had about as hard a face as ever I saw; it showed no sign of tenderness, but judging from her gestures, I decided she was pleading my cause. She waved her arms frantically, talked excitedly to the warriors and when her speech was finished, I was acquitted. A short time after this trial, I made my escape, and long after I met their interpreter one day, and asked him what that old squaw was saying. He replied: "She said my husband was killed, while down in Old Mexico, and I think you should give that man to me for a husband'." After Big Foot had finished his story, Doctor Green said: "Well Wallace, would you have

liked such a wife?" With a humorous smile, he replied: "She was pretty hard looking."

Many true and interesting stories have been written about this noble Texas hero, who spent the greater part of his life in serving Texas and the United States.

He served in a campaign against the Kickapoo Indians. The Indians were routed during this campaign, having suffered heavy losses.



Wallace Peak Located on "Big Foot" Wallace's Mexican Grant of Land in Bandera County Texas. A Historic Place

He was a prominent member of the ill fated Mier Expedition. He drew a white bean but said: "Just as the selfish thought came to me, I am safe, I heard a married man behind me crying, he was fearful of drawing a black bean,

which meant death. I slipped my white bean back to him and drew again, fortunately for me I drew life twice."

Their sufferings as prisoners in Mexico were very great, but he was among the few who were finally released. After his return to Texas, he joined Jack Hays' ranger force. While with them he did valiant service.

Governor Bell gave Big Foot Wallace a commission to organize a company of his own, and on August 5, 1850, this company with twenty-three Texas rangers fought seven hours with Indians, on the Laredo Road, and resumed the battle again the next day. The one hundred and twenty-five Indians were vanquished.

Big Foot Wallace was a veteran of the Civil War on the Confederate side. After the close of the War Between the States, he lived among his relatives and friends in south-west Texas, until he died at a venerable old age.

Jose Policarpo Rodriguez

Jose Policarpo Rodriguez was born January 26, 1829, at Zaragosa, Mexico. His father, Jose Antonio Ridroguez, was a man of wealth. He came to San Antonio, when his son, Jose Policarpo, was twelve years old, and bought a home on the Medina River, fifteen miles west of San

Antonio, the Indians often came to the little village and took the settlers' horses and sometimes took small children.

When "Polly," as Jose Policarpo Rodriguez was called, was fifteen years old, he was employed by a surveying party. Polly did such good work that he was paid a man's wages. Since he was a good marksman, trailer and guide, he was often employed by surveying parties. When Polly was seventeen years old, he bought his first horse. He had it only a few days, when the Indians took it. After this Polly had to ride a mule. He trained his mule to trail like a dog. Polly said this mule would strike a trail, put his nose to the ground and would follow it day or night, but unfortunately for Polly, the Indians took his mule too.

In 1849 Colonel Joseph E. Johnston arrived at San Antonio to open a road to El Paso. Lieutenant Whiting, had located this road. Polly was employed as a second guide. He was indeed, a useful person, as he was an expert guide, trailer, hunter and scout. The birds, the animals, the bees, the flowers, the trees, the grass and trails all talked to Polly. He could tell when the trails, the doves, the butter-flies and wild animals were going toward water. He knew by his wood-craft, whether

a trail led to water or to wood-land. He knew what trees grew near water, what birds lived near water and so on. He could travel in a straight line by the wind.

Polly was given a new horse while in service by General Persifer Smith. This was a beautiful, large, bay horse. Polly was delighted with his gift and soon had his horse trained to hunt deer.

Once when Polly was at Camp Verde, he went with a squad of soldiers, to try to capture a herd of horses, the Indians had driven away. They made an attack on the band and routed them, but the horses could not be captured without endangering their lives, because of the dense thicket. Polly brought to camp a beautiful shield and quiver full of arrows. The quiver was made of panther's skin with the animal's tail hanging from the lower end of it. The arrows and bow were beautifully carved and painted.

Shortly after the squad had reached camp, Captain Palmer said: "Polly, the camels have all got out and gone. I want you to go after them." Polly with eight soldiers started early next morning in search of them. They passed Bandera and went down the Medina River to the mouth of Privilege Creek, and there they

struck the trail and followed it up that stream. They found the camels and camped there two days. Polly was charmed with the country. The scenery was grand! He killed a bear and they killed a deer and some wild turkeys. Polly said he intended to buy this land and build a home there.

They drove the camels back to Camp Verde. Polly asked for a furlough which was willingly granted. He went to San Antonio to the surveyor's office and bought three hundred and sixty acres, for fifty cents an acre. This was in the year of 1858. Polly then took his father out from San Antonio, to help him decide where to build his house. The sight was selected near Privilege Creek, and Polly's Peak. His house was built at once. It took nine years to get a title to the land, so Polly put a Mexican family there to live and kept his own family at Camp Verde. Finally the title was obtained and Polly moved his own family to his house at Polly's Peak. This Peak was named for Policarpo Rodriguez. His house was built of stone and was a combination of residence and a fort. The second story was built with loopholes to be used in defense in case of an attack by Indians.

Polly lived there until the Civil War began

in 1861. He said it grieved him to separate from the United States soldiers, with whom he had been so long in service, and with whom he had undergone many hard-ships, but when Major Wait invited him to go he declined saying: "I would have to forsake my family, home and every thing if I were to go." Polly was offered a commission as Captain in the Confederate Army, but refused to take it and joined the Home guards. He did much hard service as a Home Guard until they were disbanded after the close of the war.

When the United States troops returned to Bandera, they sent for Polly and offered him one hundred dollars a month to act as guide and escort, but he refused. He was interested in his home. He took great interest in agriculture and received premiums three years in succession for the best display of farm products.

One day while Polly was in the United States service, under General Joseph E. Johnson, he returned to San Antonio. He learned that General Persifer Smith had arrived and was in command of the department. Polly learned to love General Smith very much and said: "I learned many things from him, and owe him much." But when General Smith left the department and went east, he offered to take

Polly with him but he chose to serve in Texas. He said: "I have lived in Texas when she belonged to Mexico, when she was an independent Republic; when she was one of the Confederate States and as one of the United States, and I hope to have my body laid to rest on Polly's Peak, in this grand old state, when my earthly days are over."

He lived to be old and spent his last days preaching in a church-house built near his residence at Polly's Peak.

His request was granted and he was buried on Polly's Peak, which is the highest and one of the most beautiful mountain peaks near San Antonio. It is in Bandera County, near Bandera, and is owned by Polly's family. His death was not only mourned by his wife and children and other relatives, but by his many friends. He was held in high esteem by those who knew him and he found a cordial welcome in every home.

Memoirs of Mrs. W. G. North

I came to Texas with my husband, Joseph Fulford, in May of 1861. We settled at Kerrville. My husband joined the regiment of my broth-

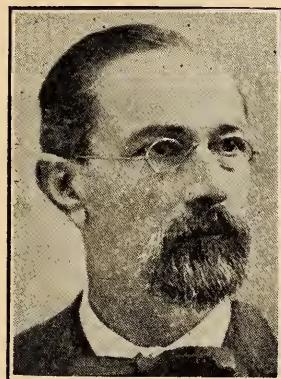


Mrs. North and Her Youngest Daughter

er-in-law, John Ochse. John Ochse issued supplies for the United States Government at Fort Camp Verde. About three months after my husband enlisted, they were stationed on the Salado at San Antonio. The small pox broke out and they were vaccinated. My husband was so sick from his vaccination that he could not use his gun, so he went home for a few days. He gave permission to a boy, Green Sifford, to use his gun during his absence. Green, with some other boys decided to go rabbit hunting. They loaded the gun and went, but finding nothing to shoot, returned to camp without discharging or unloading the gun. When Mr. Fulford returned to the regiment again an order was received to get ready for an attack, which was expected to be made at the Powder House on East Commerce Street, by the Northern Army. He proceeded to clean his gun, thinking it was unloaded, it was accidentally discharged, the load entering his head, and he died instantly.

The attack was not made, but my husband was buried in the Confederate Cemetery, in San Antonio, and I knew nothing of his death until several days later, when his horse and all his equipment came home. It was during the hostile Indian days and a stage coach came

through once in a while, but sometimes the stage coach and all of its passengers were captured by the Indians.



John Ochse

My brother-in-law, John Ochse, went through the whole war and was in the battle of Vicksburg and many other battles, but was never wounded. He returned to San Antonio where he spent the remainder of his life.

About two years after my husband died, I married another soldier, W. G. North, to this union was born eight children. Once, when living in the mountains north of San Antonio, the Indians were very hostile. I was an eye witness to many of their depredations. I have sat all night, with my oldest boy, John, when he was an infant, in my arms to keep him from crying, as I listened to the Indians prowl around my house.

Several years later when we lived on the Medina River, we had four children: John, Julia, Della and Calvin. My sister Mrs. Ochse came from San Antonio, to visit us. She had three children and during their stay, one night we

heard a rumbling noise; Mr. North ran to the door to find its origin. He exclaimed: "Get up! Get out of here quick! The water is up to the door!" I took my baby and Sister took hers. Mr. North took our two next youngest, while the three older children clasped hands and kept up with us as we waded out of the water. Mrs. Ochse was swept down two or three times by the swift water but I kept saying: 'Seletha don't give up! Don't give up!' We finally reached the mountain side about fifty yards from the house. We were then above the water. Mr. North left us to go back to the house to get Mrs. Ochse's hand-bag that contained her valuables, but before he got to the house, he saw the light do down and he knew the house was being washed away.

We remained on the mountain side all night. We had lost our house and all it contained, but next morning Mr. North waded across the slough, which was then about seventy-five yards wide. It had been twenty feet deep during the night, but the water had fallen enough to only be neck deep to a man. He went to my brother-in-law, George Smith's house. George and a Methodist minister, named Fairman, came back with him. They put us women and children on horses and took us across the water. I

was very much afraid I would fall off into the water, but Mr. North waded along on foot, so as to help hold us on the horses and we were carried safely to my sister Isabel Smith's house. We stayed there a month. We then gathered enough supplies to move on. We moved into a one-room house and cooked out side until latter, when we bought a home, in the beautiful little mountain town of Bandera. We lived there seven or eight years.

Mr. and Mrs. North are both living in San Antonio with their children. She is eighty-five years old; her mind is clear and her memory good.

THE BOYHOOD OF LITTLE BERRY CHAMPION BUCKELEW

By L. B. C. Buckelew

My father, L. B. C. Buckelew Senior, came from Arkansas in about 1850. His only conveyance was an ox-wagon, which was drawn by his milch cows.

When he reached Texas, his first halt was made at New Braunfels. He went from there to Bandera, on the Medina River. On arriving at Bandera, he managed to get a yoke of wild

steers from Mr. Chipman and worked them instead of his milch cows that he had driven out there. Every body in that country worked steers at that time.

He settled on Laxton Creek, a tributary of the Medina River, on the Jesse Laxton place. Father then bought forty acres of land from Mr. Lee. This land was a part of the Arnold tract. From there father hauled cypress shingles to San Antonio, a distance of fifty-seven miles; sold them and paid for his land.

Judge Davenport let father have cattle to raise on the shares. Then father moved to Uvalde County, at the Blue Water Hole, on the San Saba River; which is about twelve or fifteen miles from what is now Utopia. Father took mother and the children down to Lavaca County and we moved my Uncle Jim and Robert Buckelew's families to our farm at Bandera on the Laxton Creek.

Father taught them to make cypress shingles and saw timber. Father would go from our home at the Blue Water Hole on the Sabinal River, to my Uncle's on Laxton Creek, and haul cypress shingles from the Medina, to San Antonio, where he sold them and bought a wagon-load of supplies; as he hauled supplies on his return trip for the whole Davenport Ranch.

In January, 1866, he was coming home with a load of supplies and stopped at the Cosgrove Ranch, on the little Seco Creek, to borrow a fresh yoke of steers, as his had become tender footed. He told Mr. Cosgrove that with a fresh yoke of steers he could travel faster. They offered him a pressing invitation to spend the night with them, but father said he was homesick, as he had been gone for several days, he was anxious to get home. The three men, father, Mr. Cosgrove and a negro man who worked for Mr. Cosgrove, tried in vain to hitch the Cosgrove oxen in the lead of Father's, in order, to have a four ox team, but they refused to work that way; so Father went on toward home, hoping to reach home a distance of some three and one half miles, by bed time, but after we were in bed at home, my half brother, Bill North, called to Mother and said: "I heard father call." But the dogs were barking so loudly we could hear nothing but them and mother said: "I think you are mistaken, it must have been something else."

After father left Mr. Cosgrove's on Friday afternoon, Mr. Cosgrove went to a spring near the house to water the oxen, before he turned them loose, as the weather was dry at that time, they had to get water at the spring. Mr.

Cosgrove had to make about four steps down to dip the water up and pour it in a tub, so the cattle could drink it. Once, as he came up with a bucket of water, he saw some Indians slipping upon him. He quickly grasped his gun and went to his house.

The next morning, which was Saturday, he saw a horse across the little hollow and told the negro man to go get him. The negro went but came back without the horse. Mr. Cosgrove said: "Why didn't you bring the horse?" The negro replied: "Massa, it wasn't our horse." Mr. Cosgrove said "You go bring that horse here." He obeyed, and when he brought it Mr. Cosgrove said: "That is Buckelew's horse." Mrs. Cosgrove exclaimed: "Yes, and I expect the Indians have killed Mr. Buckelew!" Mr. Cosgrove replied: "Yes you are always easily scared, the horse just broke loose from the back of the wagon."

This closed the discussion until the next day, which was Sunday. About noon some cow men stopped there for dinner and while sitting at the dinner-table, Mrs. Cosgrove related the incident, saying Mr. Cosgrove had seen the Indians Friday afternoon and had found Buckelew's horse Saturday morning and concluded by saying: "I believe the Indians have killed

Mr. Buckelew, but Mr. Cosgrove only laughs and tells me I am too easily scared. A young man, named Redmond Gibbons, who was a guest in the Cosgrove home, and afterwards married Miss Cosgrove, heard Mrs. Cosgrove's story, and mounted his horse and came to our house. When he arrived, he asked mother if father was at home. Mother replied: "No, he has not come yet." It was then evident that father had been attacked by the Indians.

Bill North, Wilson Bryant and others formed a company to go in search of father. They found the wagon on Monday, but Old Cuff, our faithful old watch dog, refused to let us go to the wagon. He at last recognized Bill North. They approached the scene and found father lying near by with his head on a stone; his shoes were beside him and his head was crushed. He was yet limp and they concluded that the Indians had returned Monday and completed the murder. They found the coffee, meal flour, dry goods, etc., had all been poured out and scattered on the ground. They discovered that one of the oxen had been shot, and they had pulled the wagon against a tree and were yet standing there.

The party took father to the Blue Water Hole, on the Sabinal River, and pulled the arrows

out of him and washed him there; but they could not get the spikes out. They took his body home and dressed it for burial. Mother kept three of the arrows, with feathers in the ends of them, for several years. I do not know what finally became of them.

I remember while father was lying there dead, I went to him and kissed him. I remember well how he looked then, but I do not remember how he looked while living, as I was only seven years old.

I do not remember the name of the man who conducted the funeral services, but I remember they sang: "There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's Veins." Father was buried in the Wareville Cemetery.

Mother often told us that father was a very pious man, and that she lived with him twenty years, and she had never heard him use profane language.

My half sister, Della North, married W. H. Davenport, Judge Davenport's son, and after father's death, while we yet lived on the Davenport Ranch, a band of Indians came through there and stole a bunch of horses, belonging to the settlers; and among them was father's horse "Old Gray," and my horse, "Little Breeches." My mother's father, Grandfather

Clarkson, was riding "Little Breeches," when he threw Grandfather off and killed him. The horse was then given to me.

A company of settlers followed the Indians, and over-took them, but they were hidden in a dense cedar brake; so they only had a skirmish with them, and W. H. Davenport was shot in the leg, and narrowly escaped death from loss of blood. He recovered, however, and his present home is in San Antonio, Texas.

Frank Buckelew, An Indian Captive

This is a short sketch of his book "Frank Buckelew, an Indian Captive"

On a typical, western mountain ranch situated near the Sabinal River, well up in the beautiful little canyon, whose rock walls confine the little stream to a narrow channel, was the home of Mr. Davenport. South of here, lay the fertile little farm, on which was grown feed for the saddle horses and other stock, that was kept on the ranch. To the west lay the cedar covered divide, that separated the waters of the Frio and the Sabinal Rivers.

This was the home of little Frank Buckelew and his sister. These children were orphans and lived with Mr. Davenport. March 11, 1866, was a dark, mystic day—very much like an eclipse of the sun. The chickens stayed upon

their perches until eleven o'clock and occasionally crowded as if it were night.

Morris, the negro boy, had lost the cow-bell, which he felt he must find, lest he be punished. He prevailed on Frank to go with him to hunt it. Frank agreed to help him in the afternoon. Shortly after eleven o'clock the sun shone brightly, so early in the afternoon the two boys went to the thicket to search for the bell.

Little Frank saw a beautiful red-bud tree, he soon forgot the bell and began to pick flowers to take to his sister. One of Mr. Davenport's large steers bounded by him, and he ran to Morris and said: "See that steer? It may be Indians that scared him." Just then they saw one, creeping upon them. Wild eyed, Morris flew like the wind. Little Frank tried to follow, but to no avail. He was captured by two warriors, who took him to a third. This was a chief whose name was Custelata. He said: "Howdy, how old you be?" Frank replied, "Ten years old." Custelata remarked: 'Heap big ten year old boy.' Little Frank was whipped severely and carried far away. When night came on he slept in the big chiefs arms, who held him so tightly he was very uncomfortable, as well as unhappy.

Little Frank's father, before his death, was a Methodist minister, and had taught Frank to pray, so little Frank never ceased to pray. When morning came they traveled on and continued to travel for several days. One night they tied Frank down, in a thicket, and left him. He prayed and prayed, finally, they came back with a large buffalo they had killed. They butchered the buffalo, untied Frank and started on again. Finally, they reached the Indian village and the old squaws whipped him again. After that he was supposed to be conquered; so he was never whipped by them again.

He was treated very kindly and became a favorite among them, but he could not forget his home and his orphan sister. He took part in their chase for game and killed an antelope. He learned their arts and crafts, to speak their language and to sing their songs. He was captured on Sunday March 11, 1866, and started home February 11, 1867 with Mr. Hudson and the Mexican boy, who helped Frank to make his escape. Frank lived with the Indians eleven months.

This Mexican boy told Mr. Hudson of a white boy he had seen among the Lipan Indians. Mr. Hudson learned through him that it was Frank

Buckelew, who was held a captive. The Mexican persuaded Frank to select the best horse from the Indians' herd and meet him, at a cave, at night fall. Frank gladly met him and after riding at full speed all night, they reached Mr. Hudson's the next morning for breakfast.

Frank was taken to Bandera, Texas, to his sister and home, but several times afterward, the Indians made attempts to recapture him, but were never successful.

When he was about nineteen years old, he married a lovely young lady, Miss Nancy Witter. Three girls and three boys came to bless their home. Frank Buckelew and his happy family still live in the beautiful Bandera mountains about sixty miles from San Antonio, Texas.

THE SETTLEMENT OF HELOTES

By S. A. Lee

My father settled at Helotes Neighborhood, when it was known as the Texas Frontier. He settled among the Helotes Mountains about twenty miles from San Antonio.

The country was all open country then, with here and there, small patches of ten or twenty

acres fenced with stone or log fences. These patches were planted in corn, wheat, cotton, beans, pumpkins, melons and potatoes. There was plenty of wild game and other animals. Wild geese, ducks, turkeys, deer, bear, javalin hogs, squirrels, rabbits, mountain lions, Mexican lions, catamounts, panthers, wild cats, bob cats, grey fox, yellow fox, lobo wolves, black wolves, raccoons, opossums, armadillos, weasels, minx, badgers, civet cats, pole cats, skunks and other wild animals. There were also many poisonous reptiles. Besides these, the wild Comanche Indians were constantly making raid against the settlers.

I remember one Saturday afternoon, about four o'clock, my two brothers, Joe and Tom, and I were going over to the Helotes school house, which was near the Helotes Mountains. As we walked along we saw several Indians; one of them, who rode a mule, came down into the valley to get some horses. The others stayed on the mountain and kept watching in every direction. A Mexican woman, Mrs. Martinez, whose husband was away from home, had gone to another Mexican neighbor's house, as the man, Modeste Tores, had just returned from San Antonio—our nearest post office, twenty miles away. She hoped to get a let-

ter from her husband, but the letter had not come, so she said: "I must go back to my children." On her way home she passed through the canyon, which was about half way to her home. The Indian riding the mule, driving the neighbor's horses away, saw her and shot her through the head with a pistol. Then taking the horses, he crossed the mountain, and they killed a mule and ate a part of it. Mrs. Martinez lived about half an hour after she was shot.

We ran home and told father about the Indians. He fastened mother and the children safe in the house and went to get a company of settlers to follow them. Our school teacher, Mr. Lacky, usually spent Saturday and Sunday with us. He did not fail to come that Saturday and as he came by the store, where Helotes now stands, he stopped to buy some candy. Had he not stopped there a few minutes, no doubt he would have fallen a prey to savage cruelty.

A Race with the Indians

One day, in 1871, my father, Shelly Lee and I, were going from Leon Springs, to our home in Helotes. I looked across a mountain and saw some men. I said: "Papa look, yonder is a bunch of cow boys" He replied: "Where,

son?" I answered: "They are going up that mountain." Father saw them just as they were entering the brush and said: "No, son, those are not cow boys—they are Indians. Jump down, tighten your saddle and ride. Don't wait for me, son, I can take care of myself." I was riding a faster horse than Father's, but I would not have left him, even if I had known I would be killed. Father said: "We must beat them to the divide!" The Indians then turned and rode around the hill, but we beat them to the divide, and as we crossed it, they were just coming around the point of the hill. They were running their horses but saw we were so far ahead of them they gave up the chase, turned and went the way they had come, they took their leisure going back. Father had a rifle and a six shooter, but there were eight Indians and only two of us.

An Encounter with a Bear

About 1879, Mr. Tinin and I were riding through Saint Geronimo Mountains, hunting horses where the old Clifton house now stands. Suddenly an old black bear came walking within about twenty feet of us. He was very large and I got my rope out and had it ready to

throw, when Mr. Tinin saw me and said: "Gus, don't rope that bear. He will eat you up!" I replied: "No, he won't, I will shoot him." I had an old fashioned cap and ball six shooter. He exclaimed: "No, you cannot kill him with that pistol." I reluctantly let him go. When he saw us he raised up on his hind feet and walked up the mountain side and began rolling rocks at us again. We stopped and watched him but he soon disappeared in the forest.

A Fight With A Javalin Hog

I remember, some time later, I was riding with a boy, Fred Biering. We were out on the prairie, just below the Helotes Mountains, when an Javalin hog came by us. I threw my rope at it but luckily for me, I missed it. Fred threw his rope and caught it and when he tightened his rope, the hog attacked his horse, cutting him all to pieces with his long tusks. The horse fell and Fred ran to a tree. I ran my horse up to Fred, took him behind me and we escaped. The hog was so furious, he not only cut the horse to pieces, but even cut the saddle into shreds. Since that time, I have seen many Javalin hogs, but I have never had any desire to rope another.

AN INDIAN RAID

By Kin New

In the fall of 1855, my father, J. B. New, or Bonney New, and I were in the Pickett Field, with several negro slaves gathering corn. We were working between Dry Hollow and the Cibolo. There was a deep ravine in Dry Hollow. The Indians ran down into a kind of a pocket, but could not get out that way, so they had to go back to get out.

They had come down the Cibolo River, that morning, crossed Dry Hollow, then went out by Long Hollow or Do Ce Do Hollow and through to Concreste Crossing.

A boy, Jewett McGee, had gone to Mr. Pennington Rector's to get a milch cow. Mr Rector mounted his horse and went with him to help get the cow started well on the road. They saw the band of Indians, but thought they were Mexicans, as it was so foggy they could not see a hundred yards away. Before they were aware, the Indians were upon them. The boy was riding a mule, and it was impossible for him to escape. The animal was too slow. They rushed upon him, killing him instantly.

Mr. Rector was riding a good horse, but seeing he was powerless to rescue the boy, he ran

his horse full speed, with two Indians in pursuit of him. But as they were nearing Grass Pond, his horse ran into a bog and fell with him. He began calling for help. We heard him but supposed it was some cow boys.

Levi Maddox, heard him also. Perhaps he was nearer. He rushed right into the fight. The Indians killed Rector's horse by cutting him to pieces, but Mr. Maddox's appearance upon the scene put them to flight. They no doubt, thought a band of settlers were upon them. Mr. Rector made his escape on foot and Mr. Maddox hurried across the Cibolo, and reported the tragedy.

The citizens of Lavernia formed a company and followed them. A courier was sent to Sutherland Springs, and soon a company of citizens rushed into Pickett's Store and armed themselves with guns, and, without cleaning them, were soon in pursuit of the Indians. But when they had overtaken them, there was only one gun that would fire, this forced them to give up the pursuit. But the rangers and some citizens from Helena joined the settlers and followed them to the Rio Grande River, where they overtook them again. They attacked the Indians, killed some of the band, succeeded in

capturing the horses the Indians had taken from the neighbors in Wilson County, and returned them to their owners.

THE RED HEADED CAPTIVE

By Mrs. William Palm

About the last Indian raid made through Wilson County, was when the Indians came through and captured a red headed man, name unknown, but claimed by some to be Carr.

They took him down to the Cibolo River and washed his hair. They took coarse white sand and scrubbed it, thinking it was war paint, but the more they rubbed his hair, the redder the skin and hair became. They did not understand this; so they took him upon a high bluff, on the bank of the river, and had a war dance around him, saying: "Huh! huh! Devil! Huh! huh! Devil!"—then went away and left him. He told of the incident himself and said: "My red hair saved my life."

DOWN IN THE TALL PINE FOREST

By Mrs. Florence Hurst

When Florence Hurst was a little girl, she was Florence Jordon, and lived at New Berlin, Illinois, with her mother and her step-father, Mr. Jesse Listen. Florence had three Listen brothers and one Listen sister; so Mrs. Listen was the mother of five children. One day, in 1877, Mr. Listen came home and said: "We are going to Kansas to live." A few days later the Listen family was on its way, as they supposed, to Kansas, but they landed on the south side of the Red River, at Clarksville, Texas. They settled on a plantation, some eighteen miles from Clarksville, at a place called, Haley's Landing. A store was built at each of these landings, and the settlers huddled their houses near the store to afford better protection against wild animals and a possible Indian raid. Just beyond the turn-row, some quarter or half mile away, a long row of cabins were built; these were built for the Negro settlers.

Two miles above Haley's Landing there was another place called Silver Landing. It was named for the man who owned the plantation

and later it became known as Silverburg.

These landings served the people in those days in the same capacity that the rail-road stations serve the people of today. They shipped their produce from these landings and received their goods there. Later, the negroes moved farther south, to a warmer climate, then laborers were few.

The farmers were often unable to harvest their crops; so they went across the Red river into The Indian Territory (Oklahoma) and hired Indians to help harvest their crops. The Indians struck camp near the white settlers until crops were harvested, then returned home.

Florence Jordon and her two eldest brothers, attended the little one-teacher school. This Community school was located at Alby, and was taught by Miss Ben Collier. Florence and her two brothers walked through a tall pine forest; the narrow road had been cut through the forest and there was no deviation to the one path. When once in it, they could only advance or retreat. The trees were so tall they could scarcely see the sky, when they lookd upward. In these woods, there were bears, wolves and many other wild animals. The children were ever alert to any sound they happened to hear; but when they reached school they felt safe,

with Miss Collier and the big boys for protection. Some two miles from this school, there was a marsh called Alligator Boggy; this was the most dangerous place in the community and Miss Collier warned her pupils never to venture near it. True to life, the youngsters wanted to see the danger, and one day slipped away from Miss Collier, during recess, and were soon gazing upon the dangerous lake. After looking a few moments, they longed to go to the beautiful little island in the center of the marsh. A grove of sweet-gum trees grew upon it; these trees surrounded a small lake of clear water. These youngsters ventured, step by step on the mossy growth that covered the marsh, next they began jumping up and down on the moss; they were surprised to hear the water splash underneath it; so Sam Nunly sharpened a long pole, the children pried and pushed it until it went through the growth, it did not rise; but the water shot up far above their heads. This frightened them; they went back to school and told Miss Collier of their thrilling adventure. She gave strict orders that they never repeat the risk. One day a neighbor's cow failed to go home; search was made for her, and as Mr. Listen was passing Alligator Boggy, he saw her in the bog. While thirsty, she had walked out

on the growth to drink; her heavy weight caused her feet to go through the moss; she being unable to extricate them, was held a prisoner. When Mr. Listen discovered her, a large Bald Eagle was eating the flesh off of her back. He tried to frighten it away but could neither frighten the eagle nor release the cow. He went to the school house to get the large boys to help him. Miss Collier and the student body accompanied him to the marsh. The eagle had eaten so much he could not fly; but he put up a good fight. They threw large sticks of wood at him to no avail; they, then took long poles and fought him and finally succeeded in killing him. They measured him and found that he measured eight feet from tip to tip of his wings. A few weeks previous to this incident a negro woman had put her baby on a palet near her; while she was doing the week's washing, under a tree by a spring, when to her horror; a large eagle swooped down and carried her baby away; all efforts to rescue it were in vain. This was supposed to be the same eagle that was killed at Alligator Boggy.

One afternoon, as Florence and her two brothers were returning home from school; looking, listening for wolves, bears, panthers and Indians, as they were nearing the house,

they heard foot-steps behind them; looking quickly around, they were struck with awe, as they saw an old Indian squaw with a large black New Foundland dog at her side. She was old, wrinkled and ugly. The dog looked as large as a black bear, needless to say, the children ran home as fast as they could go.

When they reached home they fell into the door, speechless. Mrs. Listen had seen the old squaw approaching and knew the origin of their fright and race. The old squaw walked up to the door and told Mrs. Listen that she would not harm the children, saying: "I am their friend, I do not want them to be afraid of me." She had brought a basket to trade for corn meal to make her bread. After this, the children learned to love her. They called her Aunt Liza.

She told Mrs. Listen her sad story. She was eighty or ninety years old; but at one time, she had a very beautiful daughter, Bright Moon, who married an American man, but the married life of this beautiful Indian princess was very short. She soon died and was buried on the Texas side of the Red river. Later, when the Indians were sent to the Indian Territory, Aunt Liza refused to leave her daughter's grave. She was allowed to remain unmolested. She

built her wigwam by the roadside, near her daughters' grave. Unless inclement weather prevented her, she went each afternoon and sat beside her daughter's grave and there, wove the most artistic baskets and made Indian moccasins.

She gathered green stalks of cane, from the cane-brakes, cut them into strips; these narrow strips of cane were dyed with dyes that she made from roots, herbs and barks that she gathered from the woods and made according to her Indian formulas.

These dyes were fast colors and were very beautiful. Aunt Liza wove baskets, so as to make wonderful color designs. Some of them were made with a chain around the basket each link was joined to another. She tanned deer hides and made Indian moccasins. These were beaded in beautiful designs; beaded roses and other artistic designs; these moccasins were a joy to every girl's heart, who was fortunate enough to wear a pair. Many times, in the evening, these children slipped into the woods near Bright Moon's grave and listened to Aunt Liza sing her soft lulaby to her daughter, as she wove baskets or fashioned her moccasins. She told the children that Bright Moon's spirit guided her in making them beautiful.

This hand work was always exchanged for salt, soda, corn-meal or corn. Aunt Liza was especially fond of lye hominy. She called it: "Tom Fuller." She took pine sprouts and wove them into a fence around her wigwam just as she did other Indian craft. She left one narrow opening about the width of a door, this was her gate. A tall pine tree grew on each side. The large dog slept at the entrance of this gate and her bed was near it. She plaited a rope of hair and drew it around the outside of her hedge fence, to keep the snakes out; for the country was infested with venomous snakes. This pine-woven fence was about four feet high and was as pretty a hedge as any we see today. Aunt Liza was a great Naturalist, her fence, like all her handwork, was made with Nature's own material and she could read the sun, moon, and stars with surprising accuracy. She could look at the firmaments and tell when it would rain. Every one watched her prophesies. She did not care to associate with other Indians; only a few of her relatives from Indian Territory visited her occasionally.

Her constant protector was the large Newfoundland dog, that had belonged to the Indian princess, Bright Moon. He never left her night nor day. When the Listen family left that part

of the state of Texas, Aunt Liza was nearing the century milestone and was living with her dog, in Nature's peaceful palace down in the tall pine forest.

STORIES BY E. S. WHITACRE

A Buffalo Hunt

In the year 1873, we lived near Stephenville. Several men and boys set out with five covered wagons, four ox wagons drawn by from one to three yoke of oxen, one two horse wagon and several men riding horse-back.

Tommy Hays and I rode horse-back. We were the youngest in the party. Tommy was sixteen years old and I was seventeen. We were off for a buffalo hunt. It being our initiative trip, Tommy and I acted as scouts. We rode ahead of the party and looked for game. The aim of this trip was to get our winter's supply of meat. Tommy and I were eager to kill the first buffalo. The first herd we saw was lying down. We parlayed a moment as to how we should proceed in order to get one. We decided to ride along until they discovered us, then to make a charge and get one. My horse

was faster than Tommy's, so when I was in twenty or thirty yards of them, I shot and crippled one. It ran a few yards and laid down. My horse saw the buffalo, when I fired my Winchester rifle. He shied and I could never get into close range any more; so we rode back to the party and the other men joined in the chase. We killed two dogs, while shooting at him, but finally succeeded in killing him.

The next day we entered the buffalo range. There were great herds of them. We did not chase them there. We crawled along in the grass, and when we were within one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from them, we would shoot one. The herd would then run away, but we kept quiet. Soon they would come back sniffing, to see what had happened to the one killed. We would then shoot from one to four each time, until we had killed all we could skin that day. We would then skin them, cut them into quarters and take them to camp, to be cured.

We always took salt with us. We left two men to keep camp, to cure the meat and cook for the party. They put it down in salt, and dried much of it by cutting it in long strips and hanging it on ropes and some times laying it on rocks or on the grass to dry. We never allowed

a spark of fire after sun down, because a fire in the night might betray our camp to the Indians.

One day father took one wagon and three boys in his party. We went in one direction and other parties went in opposite directions to get game. We killed four buffalo that day. That was all we could butcher. We were so late getting through, it was too late to go back to camp. It was dark and there was danger of becoming lost. There was ice on the ground, the weather was cold, we had no beds and dared not build a fire. We took the fresh buffalo hides, as we had one each and wrapped in them as best we could and lay down under the wagon to sleep.

We boys were soon asleep, but in the night, father called to us: "Boys, do you hear that rumbling like distant thunder?" We answered: "Yes." Father said: "Get your guns ready. Draw down low enough to get their legs any way, very likely it is several hundred Indians, making a charge on us." We soon had our rifles and pistols ready. We could then easily hear the crackle of their hoofs on the ground, but when they were in range of our guns, we discovered that it was a large herd of buffalo that had stampeded. There were hundreds of

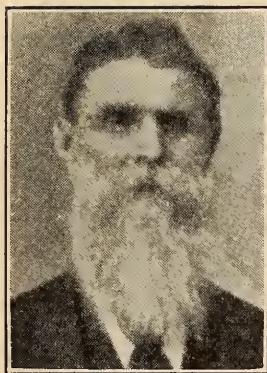
them. They ran by our camp and disappeared in the darkness.

Keeping Camp

One day, Tommy and I were left to keep camp. Father rode my horse, on the hunt that day. Tommy and I were busy cooking, taking care of the meat and attending to other camp duties, when we were startled by the clatter of horses' hoofs running. I exclaimed "Tommy, that is father and I believe the Indians are after him." We got our guns and looked, but could see no one. In a moment father rushed up under whip, spurring his horse and said: "Boys, the Indians are coming! Get ready. Get your guns. Jump into that ravine, and be ready to fire when they get here." We obeyed orders. Father rode away, circled and came back and said: "Boys there were no Indians." I wanted to scare you and see just what you would do in case they should attack you during our absence."

A band of friendly Lipan Indians were camped near us. We were glad to have them for neighbors. They, too, were out on a hunt for winter meat.

Indian Scouts



My father, W. B. Whitacre, was chosen Captain of a company of scouts; organized to protect the settlers from the Indians. And father no more allowed me to go to school without my rifle and pistol, than he allowed me to go without my books.

The Two Captives

Once, when the Indians were making a raid, near Stephenville, Erath County, a band of settlers went to guard a gap where the Indians usually slipped out. The order given was: the nearest man to them should fire the first shot, then all should charge. But the first man, in order to take better aim, moved the least bit, and in a flash, every Indian jumped from his horse and fled. In a few minutes some one called in English: "You come down here." The settlers replied: "You come up here," The childlike voice replied: "I will, if you won't shoot me." They answered "Come on." In a moment two children, a boy aged eight, and a

girl six years old came to them. They were captives, but the Indians ran away leaving them and about seventy-five head of horses which fell into the hands of the settlers. When the settlers succeeded in capturing horses from the Indians, they were divided among the neighbors, and were used by them until the Indians made another raid and drove them away.

A Narrow Escape

One morning a man named Lacy was riding through the woods, when he discovered seven or eight Indians, mounted and riding toward him. He had a rifle and a pistol but ran to a dog-wood thicket, jumped off of his horse and worked his way through the dense growth on foot and his horse followed him. The dog-wood was just high enough to hide the horse's back. Mr. Lacy tied him so he could not follow. Then crept along seeking his way out. He could hear the Indians calling: "Come out, John, maybe so me kill you, maybe so me won't." But John—as they called him—slipped out on the other side and ran home. They knew he was well armed and took no further chances. The next day he and the neighbors went in search of them. They were gone and they found the horse tied where he had left him.

Uncle "Turkey" or Bill Robertson

Uncle "Turkey Robertson," was given this name on some turkey hunt. One day he went out to hunt his horses and as he reached the top of the divide, he saw thirteen Indians sitting on the ground, smoking and holding their horses. Uncle Turkey had a single barrel (holster) pistol and a muzzle loading rifle. He no sooner saw the Indians, than they saw him. He knew not what to do, but decided to sit there, holding his pistol in one hand, with the other, he stood his rifle on the ground and held it erect. He waited to determine their plan of attack. They began stringing their bows, and Uncle Turkey knew he must act quick. He thought of a ravine about a mile away and decided he must take refuge in it. He ran, but they gained on him. When they were near enough each time, Uncle Turkey stopped and raised his gun to his face and then they would turn and run back. He ran and they, again gave chase. This was kept up until he, finally, fired one shot at them, just before reaching the ravine, there they made a final charge. It looked like death to jump into the ditch, but they were shooting arrows at him constantly. It seemed the only chance he had to escape;

so he jumped into the ravine, and as he did, he broke his gun at the breech. He could yet shoot it, but could not aim so well. He hid under the bank, as best he could, and was ready to fire if one peeped over. He waited some thirty minutes—no one was to be seen. He then crawled upon the bank and waited another half hour, but saw no Indians. He picked up a handful of arrows and went home. One arrow had passed between his arm and his body, tearing a hole in his sleeve and another was shot into the sole of his shoe. Uncle Turkey escaped without a scratch.

Some time later, he was out with a party of men, when they unexpectedly, ran upon an Indian village of six or seven hundred Indians. The Indians attacked the squad of white men and shot Uncle Turkey through the chest with a large gun, but his companions carried him on a litter (a blanket tied between two horses) one hundred and fifty miles, and he soon recovered from that.

UP THE TRAIL TO KANSAS

By A. H. Or Hub Polley

“Did you ever go up the trail to Kansas?”
“Yes, the first of June in 1880, I started from the Indian Territory, to Padre Island. I had been in the Indian Territory for about a year. I was bookkeeper for the Indian Contract. I was employed by the Hunter-Neueman Company, whose headquarters were in St. Louis, Mo. My salary was one hundred dollars a month, but I received a telegram from Mr. Healy of New York, asking if I would go to Padre Island in the Gulf of Mexico, get a herd of cattle, and drive them to Kansas. As soon as my resignation was accepted, by the Hunter Neueman Company, I took my books to Saint Louis and delivered them to the Company. Mr. Healy was to pay me one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month; so he met me in Kansas City, but when we reached Fort Reno, we separated. I took the stage at Fort Reno to Caldwell, and from there, I went by rail to Kansas City, then, to Dodge City, Kansas, to see my family, as I had not seen them in about six months.

After spending two days at home, I went back to Kansas City, and then returned to St. Louis;

there I met Mr. Healy again, and after I had balanced my books for the Hunter Neueman Company, Mr. Healy and I took the train down to Galveston.

When we arrived at Galveston, we waited three or four days for a ship to go to Corpus Christi. We went by ship to Indianola, and from there we took a sail boat; which was a small boat going to Corpus Christi. The next day after I arrived at Corpus, I went out and contracted for horses. The second day I went after the horses and brought them to Corpus, and made arrangements for the supplies we needed on Padre Island, and ordered them sent there.

On the Island

Noon came and night came, but no supplies came. We were hungry. It was no trouble to gather a hatful of sea-gull eggs, (these were about the size of a hen-egg.) Salt was plentiful, but in lumps, about the size of an ordinary pea. We gathered the eggs and pulverized the salt, built a fire, boiled our eggs and fared sumptuously. We did very well for one day. Our supplies arrived about midnight; so after that we were well fed. The next day, we began the round-up. The island was nine-

ty miles long and its greatest width was three miles; while in some places it was about one hundred yards wide.

There was but one tree on the Island. I did not see it and I doubt if many of those cattle did. That evening, I said to Mr. Chapman, who had charge of the cattle on the island: "Where can we get wood to burn?" He replied: "There is plenty of wood here." He pointed to a pile of drift-wood, where we found an abundance of wood, bottles, cocoanuts and various other objects, that had drifted there by the ton. There were many beautiful little lakes, but the water was so salt it could not be used. They dug about twenty-five shallow wells about three or four feet deep. These were dug down, then cut out, making a kind of earthen stall, so the cattle could go in one at a time and drink the fresh water and it was not made muddy by them.

There were only two houses on the island; these were ranch houses. There were herds of antelope, deer, mustang horses and other wild animals on that island.

We rounded the cattle up and took them in small herds, of about four or five hundred at a time, to a pasture about thirty miles from Corpus. Mr. Healy had made arrangements to

hold the cattle there until we were ready to hit the trail. It was about four miles across the bay to the mainland and it was a task to drive those wild cattle across it, even, in such small herds as five hundred at a time; but we waited until the tide was out at sea, and then started them across. There was one narrow strip of water about fifty yards wide, which was staked off by the Government. When the tide was out, it was not deep enough anywhere to swim a cow; although, some of the yearlings had to swim. We had to whoop and yell and rush them across. The only way we could get them across was to rush them and get close enough to jump off of our horses and get an old cow by the tail and swing on to it, with our bodies hid under the water, and our heads just above it, so they could not fight us. We would whoop and yell, until she ran, as best she could run in the water. She would rush up and frighten the others, and in this way, the whole herd was rushed across. When we turned her tail loose, we would duck down into the water, with just our heads out, until we were mounted on or horses again. One man, usually, led the horse for the one holding on to the cow's tail, so as to have him near when he needed him but this was not always done.

When we had finally succeeded in getting them on the main-land, there were trees on the land and the cattle were afraid of them and would not go near them.

We were in the Kenedy pasture. We penned them in Mr. Kenedy's pen that night. There were two or three trees in the pen, and it was almost impossible to get those wild cattle in the pen, they were so afraid of the trees. In another pen, where there were no trees, they went in readily.

I was on the island five or six days, and the little black ants were so numerous and unfriendly, we were compelled to move and shake our blanket-beds, five or six times during the night.

Branding the Cattle

The second day, after we reached the mainland, we put the cattle into the pasture and I looked after them. I did not go back to the island any more, I had enough of it, and those little black ants too. Mr. Chapman brought the other cattle across to me. I managed to get board on the mainland. We had twenty-three hundred head of wild cattle and we had to brand them. My road brand was: KK. We had to put that on each of the twenty-three hun-

dred head and they were the wildest and worst fighting cattle I ever saw in my life.

A Sunstroke

While branding the cattle, I must have had a light sunstroke. I got into the shade of a rail-fence corner, the hired hands poured water on me and I revived, but I was not able to work any more on that trip. It took about a week to road brand all of those cattle. Having finished, I went to Corpus to get supplies for the trip. While in Corpus, I saw my first cigarette papers. They were brown paper, cut and put up into small packages. Mr. Chapman said that if I would smoke them; instead of my pipe, I would not get thirsty so easily. I bought fifty cents worth for the trip.

There were nine men besides me at this round-up; four negroes, Tom, Joe and two others, two Mexicans and three white men. One white man's name I have forgotten, but the other two, I will never forget. Their names were: Stand By and Dahmit. These men, Standbach and Dahmit, were Germans and did not know how to drive cattle, but wanted to go help, just to have the trip.

Tom and Joe were two old fashioned negro

musicians, Tom played the fiddle and Joe the guitar. I always made it a point to see that the fiddle and guitar were cared for. One of the white men was a fine singer and we had music every night.

We Hit the Trail for Kansas

On the 25th of July, we hit the trail for Kansas. There were almost no pastures, but we had to go through one lane about three miles long. On one side, the fence was built with heavy mesquite posts, six feet apart, with a strong plank nailed above, and below were several strong wires. On the other side, were heavy posts, twenty feet apart, with nine big smooth wires. But from some unknown cause, when we were one-half mile up the lane, the cattle stampeded. They ran back and tore down about three hundred yards of that nine wire fence. After about one hour's work we had gathered them and were again on the trail. We got through the lane but did not reach the camping ground we had in view that night.

The second day's drive we reached the Nueces River. It was out of its banks and was two or three miles wide. We swam the back-water, got into good open country, and struck camp for the night, about ten or twelve miles below

where we intended to cross. We stayed around there about a month. In the mean time, I made three or four trips to Oakville, by boat.

A man named Mapes came to our camp riding a good horse. He wanted to sell it to me for forty dollars. One of the hands came in while we were talking about the trade and tied his horse to a chunk of wood. His horse stampeded and ran towards the herd. Mapes mounted his horse and tried to stop him, to prevent a general stampede of our cattle and horses. His horse stepped into a small bunch of prickley pair, fell and broke his neck, and Mapes was pinned down on his back under the saddle. I helped one of the hands pull the dead horse off of him and Mapes was unhurt.

Mapes told me of a bunch of wild cattle, and wanted me to help him get a beef; so about sun down we watched them as they emerged from the thicket. Each of us picked our beef and began the chase in opposite directions. I was wearing a fine ten dollar Stetson (stockman) hat. I lost it and never did find it. I lost my white yearling (Maverick) too. But Mapes got a two year old heifer and we tied it down for the night. The next morning we went back and butchered it.

These wild cattle stayed in a small thicket,

of about twenty-five or thirty acres, and came out about sun down to graze and get water. They would run from us and squat and hide, like rabbits.

Crossing Swollen Streams

I rode down to the river and saw the water had at last gone down into its banks. I went to a ranch house and arranged to use their boats to get our wagon across the river. We had to take it to pieces load it and row it across. After we got the wagon and supplies across, we rushed the herd into the river and tried to force them to swim across, but the stream was so full of tree tops and drift logs, that we lost about forty head of cattle and six horses. One Mexican jumped into the river and swam across with the herd.

This was the thirtieth day, after we reached the Neuuences River. When we had crossed the river we stayed there all night. The next night we camped within three miles of the Frio River. The next morning I rode down to where I could see it was fordable. We rushed the cattle down into the river and before we could get the last of the herd across, the cattle were swimming. We lost five or six yearlings in it and in ten minutes after we crossed great

volumes of water, three or four feet high, came rolling down the stream; and in fifteen minutes it was out of its banks. It was at least ten feet deep in water where we had forded it. After we crossed the Frio River, we drove to Possum Creek. We struck camp and had another heavy rain that night.

A Visit To See Mother

The next morning I left them to go to Sutherland Springs, to see my mother, Mrs. M. B. Polley. I told the men to meet me at Pleasanton. The first day I left the herd, I rode to the La Prieta Creek. It was out of its banks and I had to go up the river four or five miles to ford it. I traveled across the country; not following any road. I decided to take a noon day nap, and when I awoke it was four o'clock in the afternoon. I had intended to stay in Floresville that night but slept so long I did not get there. I stayed at Mr. John Humphrey's, at the Dewees Ranch. I went to Floresville the next day and then on to our old home at Sutherland Springs to see my mother, whom I had not seen in almost two years. I spent about twenty-four hours at home, then, started back to the herd. I went back by the way of Floresville,

and reached Pleasanton, after dark. When I reached the camp supper was over, Tom and Joe were playing the fiddle and guitar and the boys were having a fine time.

Our Camp at San Antonio

The next day, we left Pleasanton and made a long drive through the Sand Hills and across the Medina River. We camped that night at Mitchell Lake. We used water from the lake that night. It was all open country there, then. The next day we grazed our herd, on what is now Harlandale and Collins Garden. We stayed at San Antonio three days, as I had to get money and provisions, hire more hands and make other arrangements for the trip.

On the Trail Again

The fourth day we again hit the trail for Kansas. We were now out of the settled country. The second day we reached Boerne; which at that time had, I suppose about one hundred and fifty or two hundred inhabitants. From Boerne, we went to Kerrville. Then we crossed the San Saba River at Peg Leg Crossing, where there had been an old fort and an old water-mill. We camped there and I rode down to

the river and out into the valley, where I discovered one lone pecan tree, growing some distance from the pecan grove. It was a beautiful tree. I rode up to it and found it had the finest pecans I had ever seen. I filled my pockets and then my saddle bags with them. They were so large that a dozen was all a man could eat at one time.

After leaving there, we went to Brady, in McCullough County. We passed through Callahan City, and from there to Fort Griffin. There was almost no grass and but very little water. We managed to get enough water, but sometimes had to go out of the way to get it. It was October before we reached Fort Griffin. I received a letter from Mr. Healy, telling me to wait there, until he came. We waited there ten days, before he arrived. I advised him not to drive on through, because, the cattle were so thin. I told him that if a snow-storm should strike us, that he might lose one-half of them, but he insisted that we drive through; so I went to Fort Griffin and bought supplies enough to last forty days, as this was the last chance to buy. I told the hands to get all the tobacco they needed. We traveled through Throckmorton and Wilbarger Counties. That was all wild open country then. Before we got

through Throckmorton County, we had a cold norther.

Beautiful Scenery

When we crossed the Red River, it was freezing cold that day. Some how a fat cow got into our herd? The next day we were in the Indian Territory, so we butchered the cow and had a feast. We cut it into quarters and the next morning, we could handle those quarters like wood. They were frozen stiff. This was about the fourth of November. We travelled on across the north fork of the Red River—that was a beautiful country! Some of the boys saw a hill. It was so pretty, they wanted to go to it. I said: "No boys, you can not go to it, it is too far away." They replied: "Why it is right out there." I said: "Well, boys, you may go, but be sure you are back before sundown." They were gone about two hours and returned. I said: Well, boys, did you get to it?" "No", they replied "we did not get any closer than we were when we started. It would have taken us until morning, to get back, if we had gone to it." These men had never seen any mountains. The mountain was about ten miles away.

The next day I picked up eighteen head of cattle—if I had not the Indians would have taken them.

The Kiowa Indians

A tribe of Kiowa Indians lived in those mountains. They came to us and asked me for a beef. I gave them two, and what was left of the frozen beef, which was about one-half of the beef. They took the cow and yearling and butchered them and ate them.

I rode down the wagon road with another man. We were on horse-back and two Indians came to us. They could speak some Spanish and said: "We are Apache Indians, and they are Kiawas. They will not give us any meat. We want a beef." Just then a pretty fat cow came by. One of them pointed to her and said: Give us that cow." I said: No, she belongs to a herd behind." He looked me right in the eye, shook his head at me, and to my surprise, he said: "You heap big lie." I was amused at him and gave him a yearling. They killed it and each took one-half of it. It was about six miles through the mountain gap, and the two Apaches overtook us before we got through the pass. I said: "Where are you going?" One of them replied in Spanish: "We are going over here to another mountain gap, where there is a good spring of water." I was so tired of gypsum water, that I decided to ride with them to the spring. When we reached it,

they said: "Get down" I replied: "No, I don't want any water, I must go, and you had better go." They rode away and I had a good drink of spring water.

An Indian Fright.

When we reached the Wichita River, after we crossed that mountain gap, a man claimed the eighteen head of fat cattle we had got into our herd, but he gave us one muley steer, that would not stay with the herd. One day I told a Mexican to go get him, and the cattle that had followed him. But when we were about three miles down the road, one of the boys said: "Look, yonder, what on earth is the matter?" The Mexican was running his horse full speed, the negro cook who was driving the wagon, had the four mule team running as fast as they could go. They were anxious to catch up, so we could all be together. The Mexican said one bullet had passed through the horn of his saddle and one through his hat. A band of Kiawa Indians had attacked them. The Mexican had a six shooter and said he thought he had shot one Indian, but was not sure, for he had done his shooting on the run. We did not get those cattle, for we were very uneasy, as we were practically unarmed. I had

a Winchester and the Mexican had a six-shooter. These were all the fire arms we had, but luckily the Indians did not know of our helpless condition.

A Snow Storm.

The weather was freezing cold, and on November 15, we were on the Divide. In the after-noon, it warmed up enough that I took my over-coat off and rode without it for an hour or two, but I saw a storm-cloud rising, and thought it meant rough weather for us. We camped on the Divide of the Arkansas and Red Rivers. If we had poured a bucket of water on the ground, some of it would have run into each of the four rivers: The Wichita, the Red, the Canadian and the Arkanasas. We camped there that night and bedded the cattle, on open ground, but the blizzard struck us and I told the men on duty, to throw the cattle into the breaks on the Canadian River; leave them there and try to protect themselves. We were now, in a blinding snow storm. The cattle were rushed into the breaks or ditches. The boys had come in. I was sleeping near the wagon, but found it so cold, I took my bed and went into a break. When I had been in there a few minutes, the cattle were all around

me. I got up and hunted the other boys. I found the two Mexicans had gone into another break and had a little fire burning, so I stayed with them until morning. The negroes were asleep. They were covered with blankets and the blankets were covered with snow. The next morning, after daylight, I went in search of my bed, and when I discovered it; there lay an old cow, on about one-half of it, frozen stiff.

We had to stand and fight them back to keep them out of the fire. I saw many of them, as they walked along, fall to the ground frozen to death. I had all the horses, except three, turned loose and about day-break the cattle started south from the Divide, with the three horses, we soon caught the others, but could do nothing with the cattle, until after breakfast, when all of the cow boys were after them. I ate no breakfast. I could not eat until I got all of the cattle back into the Canadian Breaks, from where they had started. When all of the boys were on duty, I went back a half-mile to the breaks, where there was wood to burn.

I soon had a good fire burning. The negro cook prepared dinner and we ate. We were now going on short rations, that is, we had but little bread. We stayed there, five days

and one man had to stay on duty all night each night to keep the cattle out of the fire. One night, I heard the man on duty whooping and when I awakened I saw a horse walk across the fire and fall dead. He had frozen to death—it was pitiful.

On the fifth day I saw we had to get away. Our supplies were getting distressingly short. It became a little warmer, so when morning came, we took the trail again. That night we had a fresh norther, and the next morning it was much colder.

I was riding about the best horse, so I said: "Well, boys, I will take the lead, and you get behind them and keep them straight, and don't let them get scattered." They replied: "We are so cold we can't stand it, unless we walk to keep from freezing."

I lived in Dodge City Kansas, and I had a good warm overcoat, but I had men with me, who had never before seen snow. "Alaska wasn't in it, it was so cold." That night we reached the valley of the Canadian River, where a small tributary joined the river. The cattle were about as cold as I was. I went to the little tributary and built a fire of drift-wood and debris and soon the cattle were crowded right up to the fire. They were not the least bit wild.

The Little Brown Yearling.

There was a spring sheltered by a deep bluff, a few feet from the fire I had built; and I will never forget that little brown yearling. It scented the water and soon discovered the spring, then tried to get a drink. That started the whole herd. About forty or fifty head, crowded around on the ice, trying to get a drink of water. The ice was thick but their weight caused it to slant downward. It was so slippery, they could not climb up. They tramped around on it until they got into the water, and before we could get axes to break the ice, and get them out, their feet were sticking up out of the water—they were frozen.

Making A Trail.

The next morning, we again, started on the trail and went about eight miles above, to cross the Canadian River. The cattle refused to cross on the ice, so we took our saddle blankets and carried sand in them and spread it along on the ice and made a trail. I took the lead. My horse walked across it and the herd fell in behind, and the river was crossed without further difficulty.

The Cow Boy's Camp.

After crossing the Canadian River, we found some cow boys camped, they were spending the winter there and I knew we could never go on to Kansas City with the herd; for taking those tropical cattle off of the island, the change of grass on the mainland, did not agree with them. They did not thrive on it. Then at Fort Griffin, they had but little grass of any kind, hence they were thin and the climate cold. I made arrangement with those men to hold our herd with their own, until spring, as there was an abundance of grass there. Our herd had dwindled down from twenty-three hundred to fifteen hundred head of cattle.

The End Of Our Journey.

The next morning as usual, I started ahead to find a camping place for the night. I chose a place, on a little creek, where there was wood. I built a fire and waited for the wagon and the other men. When they drove up one of them said: 'Look there! what is that in that tree?' I didn't say a word but climbed the tree and began to eat. All the boys followed me. We feasted on the largest yellow persimmons, I ever saw and the best I ever

ate. We gathered a supply to take with us.

About the fifth day after leaving the herd, we reached Healy's Ranch Dug-out, with no cattle, thirty-five horses and four mules. The mules were used to pull the wagon. That night I slept in the Ranch Dug-out—the first shelter I had slept under since I had left Sutherland Springs. We had been scraping the snow off and making our beds in camp. Sleeping in the dug-out gave me such a cold, that when I reached home I could not speak above a whisper.

The next day the hands left Mr. Healy's for Dodge City Kansas. They were all in the wagon, drawn by the four mules, and when they reached a small stream of water known as the Beaver, the ice was not strong enough to bear the load and the wagon broke through. They managed to get it out, and were soon on their way. On the second morning Mr. Healy's son took me in the buggy. We fell through the ice with the hind wheels, in the same place, and in the same ruts, where they had gone through with the wagon. We lifted the buggy out and went on. When we reached Dodge City I stayed at home all winter, but all of the hands, except one Mexican, bought tickets and went home on the train, and I never saw

them again. The Mexican who stayed put up a restaurant and had a fine business.

A Trail Drummer.

I was a trail drummer. In the spring of 1881 I came down the trail for a company in Dodge City. I went to Fort Griffin and drummed for trade, just as drummers of today, drum for various business firms. I made six trips up the trail to Kansas, but I never allowed whiskey drinking or gambling in our camp.

The Good Old Cowboy Days.

Written by LUTHER A. LAWHON, in The Old Trail Drivers.
By Geo. W. Saunders

My fancy drifts as often, through the murky,
 misty maze
Of the past—to other seasons—to the good
 old cowboys days,
When the grass was green an' wavin' an' the
 skies wuz soft an' blue,
An' the men were brave an' loyal an' the
 women fair an' true!
The old-time cowboy—here's to him, from
 hired hand to boss!
His soul was free from envy an' his heart wuz
 free from dross,

An' deep within his nature, which was rugged,
high an' bold,

There ran a vein of metal, and the metal, men
wuz gold!

An' at a tale of sorrow or uv innocence be-
guiled

His heart wuz just as tender as the heart uv
any child.

An' woman—aye, her honor wuz a sacred
thing; an' hence

He threw his arms around her—in a figurative
sense.

His home wuz yours, where'er it wuz, an' open
stood the door,

Whose hinges never closed upon the needy
and the poor;

An' high or low—it mattered not—the time,
if night or day,

The stranger found a welcome just as long
as he would stay.

Wuz honest to the marrow, and his bond wuz
in his word.

He paid for every critter that he cut into his
herd;

An' take your note because he loaned a friend
a little pelf?

No, sir! indeed! He thought you wuz as worthy
as himself.

An' when you came an' paid it back, as proper
wuz an' meet,

You trod upon forbidden ground to ask for a
receipt.

In former case you paid the debt (there wer'nt
no interes due),

An' in the latter—chances were he'd put a hole
through you!

The old time cowboy was a man all over!
Hear me, men!

I somehow kinder figger we'll not see his like
agin.

The few that's left are older now; their hair
is mostly white;

Their forms are not so active, an' their eyes
are not so bright

As when the grass wuz wavin' green, the skies
wuz soft an' blue,

An' men were brave an' loyal, an' women
fair an' true,

An' the land wuz filled with plenty, an' the
range wuz free to graze,

An' all rode forth as brothers—in the good
old cowboy days!

Luther A. Lawhon, was an old trail driver,
poet and lawyer, known and beloved, far and
wide. He was connected with the Comptrol-

ler's office at Austin during Governor Campbell's administration. He had written many beautiful poems and is known in literary circles, nationally as a poet of ability.

The Dying Cowboy.

(A Song)

O ! Bury me not, on the lone prairie.
These words came low, but mournfully,
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay,
On his dying couch at the close of day.

Chorus.

O ! bury me not, on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,
In a narrow grave, just six by three,
O ! bury me not on the lone prairie.

He had wasted his life 'til o'er his brow,
Death's shades were closely gathering now,
He thought of his home and his friends on high,
While the cowboys gathered to see him die.

It matters not, so I've been told,
Where the body lies, when the heart grows
 cold,
But grant, O, grant ! as a boon to me,
That you bury me not, on the lone prairie.

I've always wished to be laid when I died,
In the old church yard, on the green hill side,
By my father's grave, there bury me,
But bury me not on the lone prairie.

There is another whose tears will be shed,
For him who died on a prairie bed.
But little does it pay me to think of her now,
Who curled these locks and kissed this brow.

She has been in my dreams—his voice failed
there
But they took no heed to his dying prayer,
And in a grave, just six by three,
They buried him there on the lone prairie.

I wish to be laid in a mother's prayer,
Where my sister's tears can mingle there,
Where my friends can come and weep o'er me,
Oh, then bury me not on the lone prairie.

Where the dewdrops fall and the butterfly
rests,
And the wild rose blooms on the prairie's crest,
And the wild coyotes and the wind sport free,
They buried him there on the lone prairie.

(Unknown)

Some History Sketches by Geo. W. Saunders



Geo. W. Saunders

the Civil War all of the country west of an air line from Eagle Pass to Gainsville was uncivilized and sparsely settled. Every ranch or village above this line was subject to an Indian raid every moon.

The Government had a string of posts across the state above this line, but the Indians made many raids, between these posts, murdered men, women and children, stole stock and made their escape, without seeing a soldier. The soldiers did their best but the cunning savages generally outwitted them.

The trailers and ranchmen were the most dreaded enemies of the Indians, and the Texas

During all these years (from 1870 to 1895) the Texas ranchmen were not idle. With the proceeds of cattle sold to trailmen, they were able to improve their stock, establish new ranches, all the time pushing west and forcing the savages before them. At the close of



Geronimo, Chief of the Apaches

Rangers next, most of them being cowboys. The savages were forced back slowly but surely by the trailers and ranchmen and were finally forced into the mountains of New Mexico, Old Mexico and Arizona, their number being reduced to a small band led by the notorious Chief, Gerinimo, Chief of the Apaches, which was captured by the government troops in 1885.

This ended Indian depredations in Texas. The cooperation of the trailers, ranchmen and rangers, with the government troops accomplished this great feat. But most of the credit belongs to the old time trail driver, the starter and finisher of the destiny of this great state, and the men that blazed the way that led to many great commercial enterprises, besides stocking and causing to be stocked, the ranges from the Rio Grande to British possessions, that before, was a desert (not bringing a cent of revenue to the State's treasury) inhabited by wild animals and savages.

From 1885, the drives were lighter up to 1895, when the trails, which had been used twenty-seven years, were closed.

Conclusion

The word Texas, means friends; and may all Texans perpetuate her traditions of friendship. In 1830 we see the twinkling stars of Heaven shine faintly down, through the rifts of the dark storm cloud of the smouldering Texas Revolution; and in 1833, it seems that the whole constellation of the Universe, is shaken as the stars fall from their places in the Firmament, and come to this earthland of ours.

Three years later, we see her Lone Star Flag unfurled high above its shadow, and nine years later we see her peaceful transition as she settles serenely there, among her Sister States.

Long may she prosper and continue to shine, as the One Lone Star State in the Union.

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